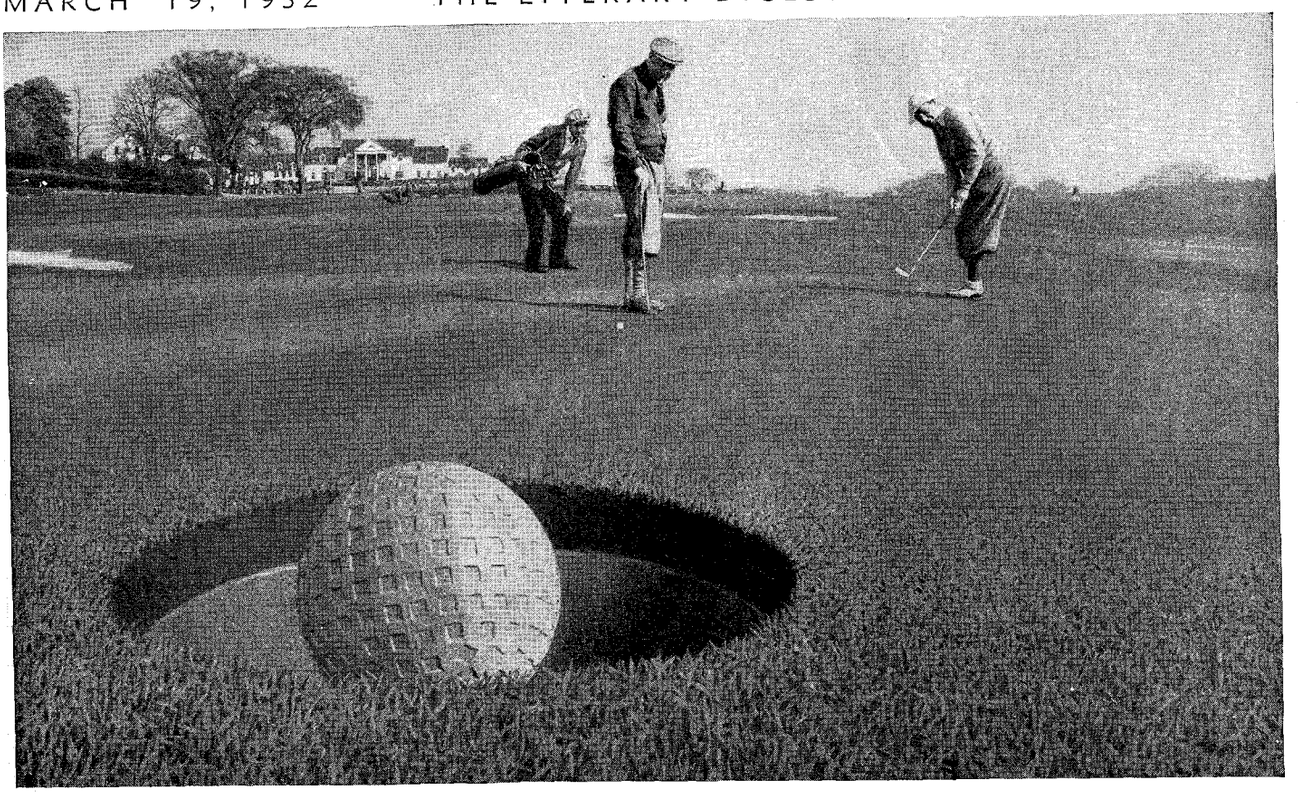

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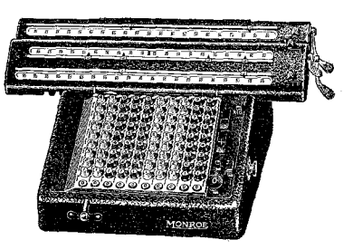

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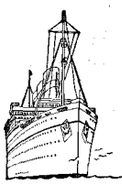

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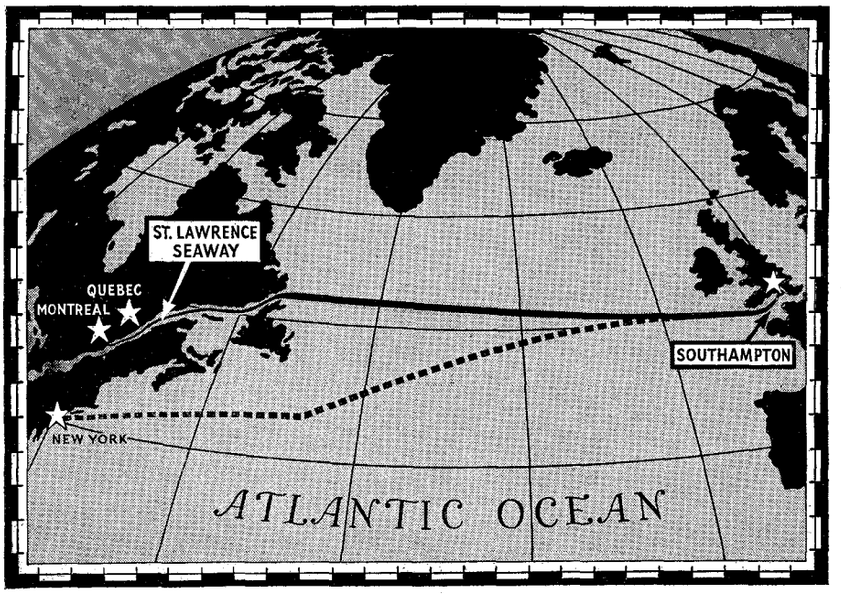

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY

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for MARCH 19, 1932

VOLUME 112 NUMBER 12

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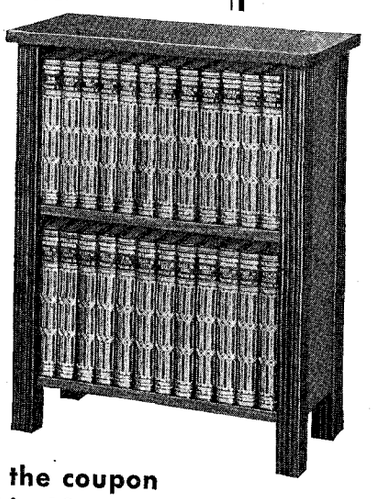

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Why don't you write?

Main Street and the Prohibition Poll

AMERICA'S most famous thoroughfare knows its mind on the dry-wet problem.

But Main Street's mind is not all of one piece. Its colors, like those of a chameleon, modify themselves according to the surroundings.

Thus, a Main Street in the corn belt doesn't take hold of the Prohibition problem from the same end, so to speak, as a Main Street "down East."

According to serious students of LITERARY DIGEST Prohibition polls, however, those two Main Street extremes seem to be not quite so far apart as they were during the last DIGEST poll, two years ago.

Of course, no definite conclusions of any value can be reached until the present poll is all in and tabulated, but interesting interpretations are already being advanced on the strength of partial returns.

"That referendum being conducted by THE LITERARY DIGEST is developing some peculiar characteristics," muses the Miami *Herald*, apropos of the balloting in nine scattered cities, which it names, adding:

"Only one of these, Kansas City, ranks as among the largest cities in the country, and the results of the polls in those smaller cities seem to tend to disprove the charge made by political Prohibitionists that only the great cities of the country are wet, and are voting wet in THE LITERARY DIGEST'S referendum."

The Miami editor points out that Ames, Iowa, is the only one in the list to return a majority for the continuance of the Eighteenth Amendment, with a vote of 205-95. All the others—Phœnix, Arizona; Pasadena, California; Wichita, Kansas; Ann Arbor, Michigan; Kansas City, Missouri; Syracuse, New York; Scranton, Pennsylvania, and Seattle, Washington—"showed large majorities for repeal."

In glancing over an assemblage of incomplete returns from cities, large and small, one instinctively searches for the dry spots. One collects them like rare postage-stamps.

HERE, for instance, is a unique specimen—a dry Manhattan.

No, we don't mean what you mean. This is a Kansas Manhattan. That is, it's Manhattan, Kansas, on the Kaw River, and it's virtually two-to-one dry, as far as this poll has gone.

For continuance, 456; for repeal, 229. That's the way Manhattan, Kansas, talks. It's the county seat of Riley County and the home of the Kansas State Agricultural College, and has almost 11,000 inhabitants.

Another rare specimen is El Dorado, Kansas, which is split fifty-fifty. For continuance, 158; for repeal, 158. Of course, the long arm of coincidence may have much to do with El Dorado splitting even in this early tally.

Here are some other partial returns from cities, in no particular order, just as they come:

Birmingham, Ala.: Continuance, 563; Repeal, 1,152.

Mobile, Ala.: Continuance, 295; Repeal, 1,414.

Montgomery, Ala.: Continuance, 357; Repeal, 1,100.

Phœnix, Ariz.: Continuance, 310; Repeal, 767.

Denver, Colo.: Continuance, 786; Repeal, 2,222.

Bridgeport, Conn.: Continuance, 326; Repeal, 2,376.

Hartford, Conn.: Continuance, 548; Repeal, 2,992.

New Haven, Conn.: Continuance, 358; Repeal, 3,013.

Aurora, Ill.: Continuance, 471; Repeal, 1,653.

Chicago, Ill.: Continuance, 5,878; Repeal, 52,771.

Springfield, Ill.: Continuance, 320; Repeal, 1,229.

Indianapolis, Ind.: Continuance, 2,996; Repeal, 11,571.

THEN here's a true-blue Sahara. Down in sunny Arkansas, the stout-hearted drys of Fayetteville plug for the Eighteenth Amendment and put up a barricade of 275 ballots for continuance, while their wet fellow townsmen muster only 225 for repeal.

And now, by way of contrast, we come to Los Angeles, which many of its residents boasted of as a stronghold of dryness until THE DIGEST polled 26,679 of its inhabitants, of whom 5,892 voted for continuance, while 20,787 marked their ballots for repeal. And here are more:

Pasadena, Cal.: Continuance, 1,910; Repeal, 1,787.

Riverside, Cal.: Continuance, 435; Repeal, 302.

Colorado Springs, Colo.: Continuance, 210; Repeal, 264.

Wilmington, Del.: Continuance, 644; Repeal, 2,351.

Jacksonville, Fla.: Continuance, 129; Repeal, 693.

Atlanta, Ga.: Continuance, 338; Repeal, 1,380.

Savannah, Ga.: Continuance, 213; Repeal, 987.

Boise, Idaho: Continuance, 168; Repeal, 400.

Detroit, Mich.: Continuance, 1,805; Repeal, 15,630.

Flint, Mich.: Continuance, 617; Repeal, 2,159.

Here comes a fifteen-to-one shot. One of the more extreme revelations of the poll, so far. Gay, picturesque New Orleans sends in 524 ballots for continuance, 8,104 for repeal. It's really almost sixteen to one. But here, to offset it, comes sturdy Emporia, Kansas, where 175 wets are smothered by 295 righteous drys. And then:

Hutchinson, Kans.: Continuance, 434; Repeal, 304.

Kansas City, Kans.: Continuance, 566; Repeal, 882.

Lawrence, Kans.: Continuance, 347; Repeal, 202.

Waterville, Me.: Continuance, 115; Repeal, 306.

Baltimore, Md.: Continuance, 3,843; Repeal, 23,683.

Boston, Mass.: Continuance, 6,235; Repeal, 26,238.

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, MARCH 19, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Prohibition on All Lips as the Poll Marches On

"WITCHES' BREW," "HORNETS' NEST"—in such vivid phrases political observers are describing the passionate politics of the dry-wet problem all over the country.

The revelations of public sentiment brought out by THE DIGEST'S 20,000,000-ballot straw vote from week to week are frankly cited by writers of all parties as of paramount importance with the national conventions so near.

"The defending drys can not afford to ignore the information that the poll makes available," exclaims the Canton *Repository and News*.

This century-old organ of Ohio Republicanism and Prohibition, published in President McKinley's home town, argues that

"There never can be perfect agreement as to what the LITERARY DIGEST Prohibition straw vote shows. Defenders of national Prohibition have to admit they are outnumbered by the opposition in the balloting, but they deny that there is any significance in that fact.

"The poll's most valuable service, perhaps, is the fact that it reveals to defenders of the Amendment the increasing activity of the opposition."

MEANWHILE the great Southwest is so wrought up over the poll's revelations that the St. Joseph *News-Press* cries "Shades of Carrie Nation!"

But William Allen White—or, at any rate, his organ, the Emporia *Gazette*—advises everybody to "ca-am down," thereby leading the outside world to suspect that Kansas just now is anything but "ca-am."

And here comes the great poll's fifth report, with four more States in the round-up, and a total of 2,576,459 ballots accounted for so far. They are split thus:

For continuance, 630,217; for repeal 1,946,242. The tabulation will be found on the next page.

Here we leave the broad aspects of the poll for a moment to tell of one little human detail in its continent-wide ramifications.

This relates to the pictures at the foot of the page. They show some of the roads over which DIGEST ballots are driven to their rural addressees in Oklahoma.

Just look at that mud!

The photographs were sent us by the man who drives the ballots over those roads. He signs his letter "L. M. Walker, Rural Carrier No. 2." It is dated "Tishomingo, Oklahoma," and Mr. Walker adds with a touch of pride:

"Alfalfa Bill Murray's home town."

The letter runs:

"To DIGEST Editors:

"Enclosed find three kodak pictures along Route No. 2, Tishomingo, showing myself delivering DIGEST ballots to rural patrons, and the types of country roads over which they were delivered. The farmer is not skipt in these pictures.

"We all enjoy Lowell Thomas's air news."

APPARENTLY Mr. Walker has heard the whispering campaign to the effect that DIGEST ballots don't go to the rural regions. His letter and pictures came to us out of a clear sky, and we hope our readers will enjoy them half as much as we have.

That whispering campaign, as a matter of fact, is a revival of one that we disposed of two years ago. THE DIGEST then made an investigation and discovered conclusively that its ballot distribution, far from neglecting rural dwellers, served them more proportionately than it did the industrial classes living in cities.

This is thoroughly well known to the master minds which start the obstructive propaganda of various kinds whenever THE DIGEST launches a great national referendum.

Such propaganda are not for the ears of the well-informed. They are designed for the simple-minded, the unsuspicious, who will believe and repeat the most palpable absurdities if aimed skilfully at their emotions.

This is a subject to which we may return from time to time, when more important and agreeable things are not crowding to get into print.

Now for a slant or two on the great referendum's fifth report.

Comfort for the drys. Again they've made a slight gain. From the beginning they've gained each week in their percentage status. Last week their vote for continuance was 23.66 per cent of the total. This week it's 24.46 per cent.

Correspondingly, of course, the wet percentage drops from 76.34 to 75.54.

It's now perilously near the point where the wets will no longer be able to boast that the voting poll is three to one wet.

Delivering "Digest" Ballots in Muddiest Oklahoma—Snap-shots Sent Us by Rural Carrier L. M. Walker

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It won't be the same thing to say "over two to one," not by a long shot.

Kansas still holds the fort, a beleaguered camel completely surrounded by moisture. She has made a fractional gain in her dry percentage, raising it to a flat 53. But the spectacle of a Kansas 47 per cent. wet is bringing deep groans from dry throats.

The four new States in the tally don't help her a bit. They are Louisiana, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Wyoming. Their degrees of wetness are, in the order named, 81.42 per cent, 74.29 per cent., 65.17 per cent., and 80.97 per cent.

Speaking of Kansas, the St. Joseph *News-Press* recalls that William Allen White, a few years ago, "was writing about nations divided against themselves." Further:

"The United States, he was saying, could not survive half wet and half dry. We have forgotten whether there was to be civil war over the liquor question or merely peaceful secession. At any rate, it was something like that.

"And now Kansas is casting wet votes in THE LITERARY DIGEST's poll, and candidates are talking of running for office on wet platforms."

IT is here that *The News-Press* exclaims:

"Shades of Carrie Nation!"

But the sage of Emporia refuses to be excited. We reprint his *Gazette's* "Ca-am down" editorial, which seems to bear the stamp of his thought and style. It is headed "THE DIGEST POLL."

"Straw votes show which way the wind blows. But, alas, winds change and currents and gusts that float across the country one day may not be manifest another day. Nearly a decade ago THE LITERARY DIGEST had another poll which showed wet, and everybody got excited.

"And what happened?

"The wets gained practically nothing in Congress. Things went right on as they were. The LITERARY DIGEST poll is honest and as intelligently made as it is possible for those things to be. But it will not be reflected in any change registered in Congress. Until another plan is placed side by side with Prohibition, the dissatisfaction with Prohibition which, of course, is evident in any man's heart, will register.

"The DIGEST poll is placing an ideal liquor situation along with a very human and faulty situation. And, of course, the result is that people would prefer the ideal to the actual. And that is all there is in the LITERARY DIGEST poll. So keep whatever you wear in place of your shirt on, if you don't happen to wear a shirt. But ca-am down."

Fifth Report of the Literary Digest Prohibition Poll

State	*Favor Continuance of Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment*	*Favor Repeal of Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment*	*Total*
ALABAMA	3,659	5,099	8,758
ARKANSAS	5,439	5,775	11,214
CALIFORNIA	18,410	59,050	77,460
COLORADO	2,570	4,310	6,880
CONNECTICUT	7,148	37,223	44,371
DELAWARE	1,384	3,665	5,049
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	1,634	5,852	7,486
FLORIDA	2,597	7,516	10,113
GEORGIA	8,699	16,185	24,884
ILLINOIS	33,789	149,027	182,816
INDIANA	40,279	84,792	125,071
IOWA	16,906	27,909	44,815
KANSAS	20,101	17,823	37,924
KENTUCKY	9,535	21,427	30,962
LOUISIANA	753	3,299	4,052
MAINE	4,490	8,692	13,182
MARYLAND	9,936	34,311	44,247
MASSACHUSETTS	29,732	110,848	140,580
MICHIGAN	19,183	64,324	83,507
MINNESOTA	9,356	29,827	39,183
MISSISSIPPI	3,104	5,003	8,107
MISSOURI	7,885	23,847	31,732
NEBRASKA	7,703	12,734	20,437
NEW HAMPSHIRE	3,744	7,564	11,308
NEW JERSEY	24,909	148,081	172,990
NEW YORK	63,537	372,396	435,933
NORTH CAROLINA	20,499	21,922	42,421
NORTH DAKOTA	863	2,493	3,356
OHIO	67,317	175,867	243,184
OKLAHOMA	11,314	13,548	24,862
OREGON	3,752	8,094	11,846
PENNSYLVANIA	100,891	309,476	410,367
RHODE ISLAND	2,039	10,503	12,542
SOUTH CAROLINA	2,928	5,392	8,320
SOUTH DAKOTA	872	1,631	2,503
TENNESSEE	10,978	12,299	23,277
TEXAS	12,256	18,625	30,881
VERMONT	2,793	6,148	8,941
VIRGINIA	15,920	29,648	45,568
WASHINGTON	5,082	11,455	16,537
WEST VIRGINIA	8,703	15,816	24,519
WISCONSIN	7,272	35,657	42,929
WYOMING	256	1,089	1,345
	630,217	1,946,242	2,576,459

DISCUSSION of the Eighteenth Amendment has been placed on a higher plane than it formerly occupied, in the opinion of the Macon *Journal*. Thus, "No longer is first place given to the merits of alcohol as a beverage. The liquor issue has at last been recognized as a practical problem of government." Is the "country having a change of heart?" *The Journal* admits that

"Incomplete returns of the latest LITERARY DIGEST poll on repeal tend strongly to confirm that conclusion.

"One of the results of this change in the national attitude is that advocacy of repeal of the Amendment or modification of the Volstead Law has become respectable. It is nowhere denied that one may advocate repeal without harboring a personal taste for drunkenness.

"Discussion of the liquor question is gaining in intelligence. We may even hope to see an honest liquor plank in each of the national party platforms next summer."

A singular tribute to the DIGEST poll from a dry source appears in *Political Action*. This organ of the old Prohibition party, published in Madison, Wisconsin, is conducting a national campaign "to promote the greatest and best national nominating convention ever held in the history of the Prohibition party." It declares:

"That this poll is going to have a tremendous influence on the present political situation is certain. Definite signs of this are narrated elsewhere in this issue."

FROM other articles in *Political Action* we gather these passages, which we abbreviate somewhat:

"The 'house of cards' that has been so carefully constructed by the non-partizan drys is fast falling to pieces these days, not a little accelerated by the startling results of the LITERARY DIGEST poll.

"Untold millions of dollars have been collected from temperance people and poured down the insatiable rat-hole of the Anti-Saloon League.

"Prohibition, ten years after going into effect as a national policy, is fighting for its life.

"After all, the DIGEST poll does not mark Disaster but a Step in the onward march to perfect Prohibition."

For Further Poll News See "Main Street and the Prohibition Poll," With Returns From Cities—Page 4.

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Wide World

Here Began the Battle in Which Four "Hunger Marchers" Were Killed

The Fatal Detroit "Hunger March" Riot

"COME ON, YOU —— —— cowards!"

Screaming and waving her arms, a girl leaps ahead of a rabble of 3,000 men.

On they rush, following that slender figure with flying black hair. Driving fifty policemen before them, they surge on toward their objective.

Tear-gas bombs are turned against them, then fire-hose, and finally—bullets.

The result is a crashing of head-lines across the country telling of four killed, twenty-nine shot or stoned, and many arrested at the Ford plant at Dearborn, just outside Detroit.

But the girl leader? She gave up the fight, we read, when her sweetheart was shot and killed. We glimpse her later through the eyes of the United Press correspondent at Detroit:

"The grim-faced girl, Mary Gossman, her shabby blue dress still stained with the blood of her slain sweetheart who died in her arms, was in a fighting mood as she faced her police accusers.

"'Yes, I was there. I'm not sorry. I did it for starving millions. Blame capitalism, which is the cause of all suffering. Now don't talk to me,' the young woman shouted."

The police, the correspondent adds, "charged that the rioting at the River Rouge plant was planned by Communists."

BUT "the riot should have been averted by Dearborn police," declares the Detroit *Times* in an editorial which reflects the views of a large section of the press—

"Some one, it is now admitted, blundered in the handling of the throng of hunger marchers that sought to present petitions at the Ford plant.

"With hundreds of hungry men in line, little was required to kindle violence. The opposition offered by Dearborn police evidently changed an orderly demonstration into a riot, with death and bloodshed as its toll.

"Communist leaders have made impossible demands on industry and the city government. But however visionary some of their claims and demands, it is a mistake to use violence against such people until they themselves resort to violence.

"When the Dearborn police, the representatives of the established order, precipitate violence they inflict terrible damage on the entire community.

"The killing of obscure workingmen, innocent of crime, is a blow directed at the very heart of American institutions."

Altho the "hunger march" was reported planned at a Communist meeting addrest by William Z. Foster, Communist leader, several accounts say that the crowd formed without any display of violent intent. Quoting the Detroit correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"The jobless throng gathered at 2 P. M. in Detroit. Carrying banners and placards bearing the legends, 'Come on, workers; don't be afraid!' 'We want jobs!' and 'Now is the time to act!' they marched with reasonable order. The Detroit police said they saw no cause for interference.

"At the end of a six-mile walk they encountered a detail of fifty Dearborn police posted at the city line, determined not to let the mob through. The police shouted a demand that the rioters turn back. The mob hesitated a minute, and then a woman shoved to the front.

"'Come on, you cowards,' she screamed.

"The mob rushed forward. The police let fly with tear-gas bombs and brought their nightsticks into play, but were thrown back down Miller Road under a barrage of stones and clubs.

"Firemen rushed into an overhead crossing of Miller Road and turned high-pressure hose lines upon the mob, but the rioters shoved on, screaming curses, until they were drawn up before the high fence of the plant.

"The fifty Dearborn policemen, victims of the first charge of the mob, were reinforced by the plant police and firemen. An alarm brought 121 Detroit policemen to the fight.

"The guards at the plant threw open the gate and called to the marchers to turn back. The mob halted again for a moment, and again the woman who had led them into the first encounter leapt to the front and shouted: 'Come on.'

"Two volleys in quick succession from the police met the first advance. Two men in the crowd fell, and the mob retreated."

REFORMING their lines, the mob surged up again, hurling a shower of stones, as the police guns blazed. Then the demonstrators gave up the fight as the detachment of Detroit police arrived. All the dead were members of the mob, we read.

"It is not up to the Ford organization to explain the disorder," said an official of the Ford Company, as quoted in the press. "It's up to Detroit." And the Detroit *News* says editorially that "nobody who knows Henry Ford will believe that with a permit to march the marchers would have been molested or denied a respectful hearing."

Agitators get their share of the blame. "This riot ought to be a signal for a roundup of red agitators throughout the country," declares the Washington *Post.*

But this is dangerous business, firing on jobless men, warns the New York *World-Telegram*—

"Under the extreme provocation of many months of suffering the unemployed have been heroically patient and peaceful.

"The way to turn those 8,000,000 peaceful citizens into angry and destructive mobs is to use guns on them as the Dearborn police did yesterday.

"It is imperative in this emergency that Federal, State, and local authorities use their heads instead of their guns."

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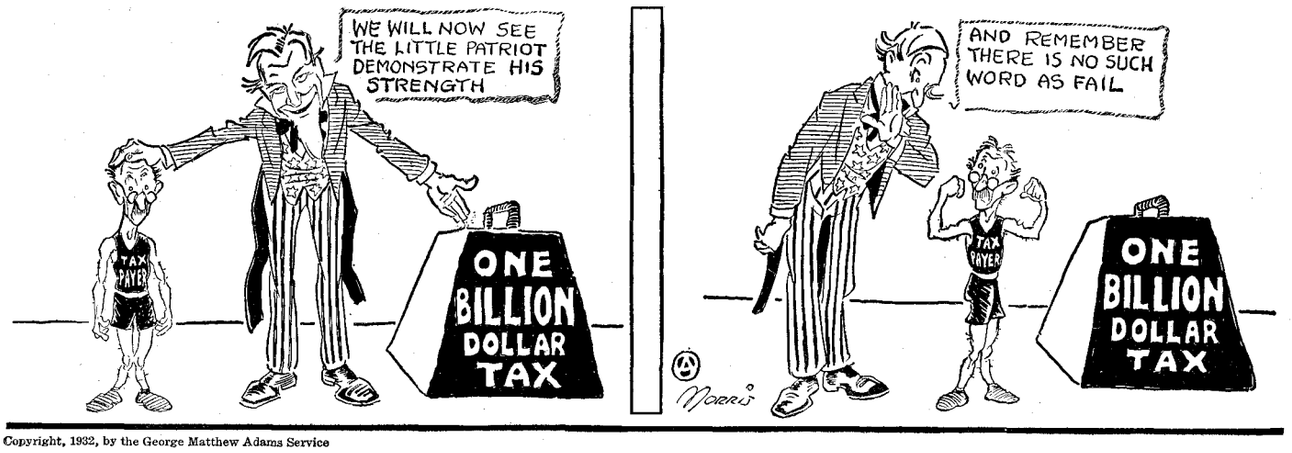
WE WILL NOW SEE THE LITTLE PATRIOT DEMONSTRATE HIS STRENGTH
TAX PAYER
ONE BILLION DOLLAR TAX
AND REMEMBER THERE IS NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL
TAX PAYER
ONE BILLION DOLLAR TAX
Morris

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The Modern Samson

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

Taxing the Masses to Balance the Budget

DESPERATE DISEASES require desperate remedies. So the Democrats have taken the bull by the horns and decided to wipe out that billion-dollar deficit Uncle Sam expects to have next year.

And they have started a revolution.

For, to raise that billion they are launching a brand-new kind of tax. The new measure is not only, in Mark Sullivan's words, "the most drastic taxation ever levied by the American Government." It also involves the biggest taxation change since the adoption of the Federal income tax. This is a variety of the sales tax, which has long been anathema to our legislators at Washington. Uncle Sam, if this bill goes through, is going to put his hand into the pocket of every citizen who drives a car, uses the telephone, or wears clothes. It means that everybody who spends $2,000 a year will be paying $15.75 to the Federal Government, probably without realizing it.

The Ways and Means Committee is widely praised for deciding to keep up the Government's credit by raising enough taxes to pay all the bills in the next fiscal year.

In deciding to raise half of this money by a sales tax, however, they stir up loud criticism and active opposition both in Congress and throughout the country.

But the position of this Democratic Committee, which is backed up by the Republican Treasury Department, is that "needs must when the devil drives." The Democratic House leader knows of only two members in the House of Representatives "who favor the bill whole-heartedly," but he has no doubt of its passage. Republican Leader Snell agrees: "They will vote for the bill, all right."

Correspondents generally expect the House to act in a few days —perhaps by the time this reaches the reader. But the Senate, with its more highly developed conversational facilities, will debate, discuss, orate, harangue, and doubtless amend through many weeks.

BUT the consensus is that something not unlike this Democratic tax bill may become law along about May 1, in which event, says Arthur Sears Henning in the Chicago *Tribune*, "the new excise taxes will become effective May 15, and the manufacturers tax, June 1."

The chief features of this billion-dollar tax bill are outlined on the opposite page. These levies are defended by the Ways and Means Committee as absolutely necessary to balance the Federal budget and maintain our government credit. The Committee is convinced, we read in its report, that "the preservation unimpaired of the national credit is the most important single issue facing this country to-day." Without this, we are told, all the various relief measures are bound to be ineffective. The bill has been attacked on the ground that it makes the masses pay the taxes, and goes lightly on the wealthy. The Ways and Means Committee has two answers to this argument:

"First, a tax on a manufacturer at a 2¼ per cent. rate will be so small on a poor man, even assuming (which is not the case in many instances) that the entire tax is passed on to the consumer by the manufacturer, as to be negligible.

"It should also be pointed out that the more one spends, the greater his tax under this manufacturers excise tax. The poor man, with small living expenses, will pay much less than the wealthy man who lives in great luxury. In addition, there will be no avenue of avoidance for the wealthy of this tax as tax-exempt securities afford for the avoidance of the income tax."

THE Committee estimates that a person spending $2,000 a year would pay $15.75 in sales taxes if the entire tax were passed on, and only $7.88 if half the tax were absorbed by the manufacturer. Surely, we are told, "this is no intolerable burden for him to bear in support of his country in these times of great stress."

After the shock of realizing that the Ways and Means Committee had actually ventured to recommend the sales tax, or manufacturers tax, as it is more properly called, editors found themselves taking one of three view-points. Some approve the sales tax in principle. Some accept it as a necessary temporary emergency levy. Others declare it neither wise, nor just, nor necessary.

"A general sales tax has much to recommend it as a permanent feature of the tax structure," says the New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.) editorially. A financial writer, who as editor of *The Bache Review* (J. S. Bache & Co., New York), has urged the sales tax for years, argues that:

"Such a tax has clear and obvious advantages; it is highly productive, certain, and inexpensive to administer. Of equal interest to the average taxpayer is the fact that sales taxes are payable piecemeal, and, accordingly, for the most part, 'not felt' by the average individual.

"The present emergency has clearly shown that income taxes and property taxes, generally reaching only the more prosperous classes, are not only inequitable but also inadequate. As most experts agree, it is only by means of the consumption taxes that all citizens may be called upon to share some cost of the Government."

After all, the ultimate consumer is always the ultimate taxpayer, argues Franklyn Hobbs, economist for the Central Republic Bank and Trust Company, Chicago. As things are to-day, he explains, "taxes take fifteen cents out of every dollar of the entire national income, from whatever source." "The

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painlessness of the transaction tax"—as Mr. Hobbs calls it—"appeals to the imagination." We are now submitting to heavy taxes on gasoline and cigarets, chiefly because of the ease with which they are paid. He concludes:

"If, and when, government is put on a business basis, we will come, perforce, to the transaction tax as the one and only fair and honest method of raising the revenues needed for the maintenance of government. The opportunity now presents itself to establish a mild transaction tax and give it a chance to demonstrate its feasibility, and its economic soundness."

THE sales tax is now in a fair way to be taken up by the Federal Government for the first time since its use during the Civil War. It has become very popular abroad since the war, explains a writer in the New York *Times*, who points out that it has been adopted by most continental European countries, several Latin-American countries, the State of West Virginia, and the Philippine Islands, as well as by Canada, whose plan has been closely studied by the Ways and Means Committee.

As emergency taxes have a way of becoming permanent fixtures, the New York *Herald Tribune's* Wall Street commentator admits that we may have the sales tax with us for good and all. But he does not entirely like the prospect:

"The sales tax is undoubtedly excellent at the present time, as an emergency measure, but its retention, with the temptation to increase it, should be guarded against in the future when the present financial dilemma has been successfully negotiated. With the world suffering from overproduction of goods, it is manifestly unsound to make a tax on distribution of goods a permanent feature of our tax laws."

IF it were not for the urgent emergency facing the Treasury, "the introduction of such a drastic tax on such short notice would be unthinkable," declares the Baltimore *Sun:*

"Not only does it open up enormously productive potentialities. It also relegates to a secondary position income as a measure of the taxpayer's capacity to pay, and makes consumption the principal basis of Federal taxation. It was to escape just such an emphasis on consumption that the income tax was adopted.

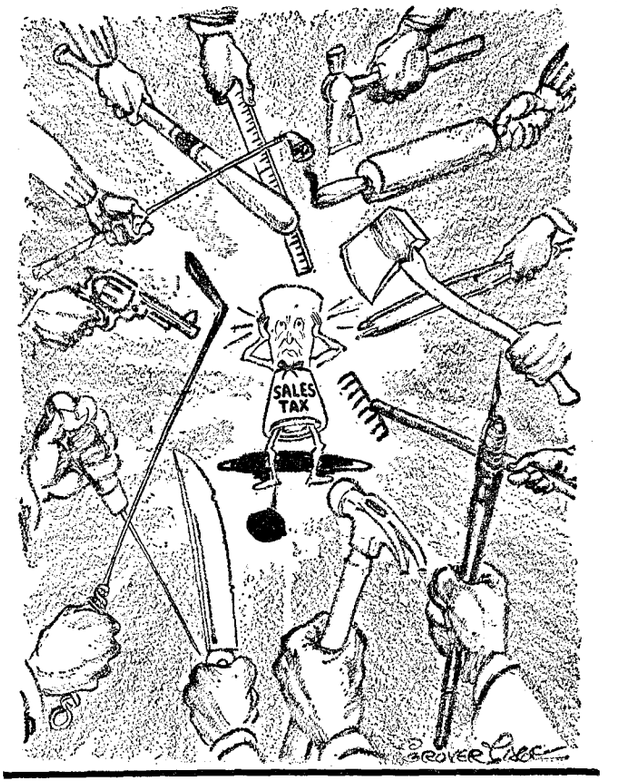
"The only possible excuse for such an abrupt change in the direction of our tax policy is that the revenues needed to balance the budget can be obtained in no other practicable way. But it must be remembered that in arriving at this conclusion, the Ways and Means Committee ruled out of consideration any attempt to legalize 2.75 per cent. beer and to levy a special excise on that particular beverage."

Analyzing the proposed tax patterned on the one in Canada, *The Sun* points out that everything possible has been done "to prevent the pyramiding which constitutes the vice of the sales tax as administered in France and in other countries where it occupies an important place in the revenue system." This is done by licensing all manufacturers doing a business of as much as $20,000 a year, and levying a tax only "where some licensed manufacturer sold to some unlicensed person, or in other words, some person not a manufacturer." Of course, adds *The Sun*, there is bound to be some pyramiding of the prices, since the distributers' profit must be figured on the manufacturers' selling price plus the tax. But in Canada, the Maryland paper admits, "there is no great amount of consumer complaint against the tax and no evidence to indicate that it has seriously interfered with the course of business."

The Democratic Plan to Balance Next Year's Budget

(From the Washington *Herald*)

Manufacturers' (and importers') sales tax (2¼ per cent.)	$595,000,000
Increases in individual income taxes (higher rates and lower exemptions)	112,000,000
Corporations (12 to 13 per cent.)	21,000,000
Estate tax increases and new gift tax	35,000,000
Admissions to amusements (10 per cent. on tickets costing 25 cents and over)	90,000,000
Stock transfers (increase from 2 to 4 cents per share and 4 cents on shares borrowed by "short" sellers)	28,000,000
Lubricating oil (4 cents a gallon)	25,000,000
Malt sirup (35 cents a gallon), grape concentrates (40 per cent. ad valorem), worts (5 cents a gallon)	50,000,000
Telegraph, radio, telephone messages (5 cents on messages costing 31 to 49 cents, and 10 cents on messages costing over 50 cents)	35,000,000
Imported gasoline, crude and fuel oil (1 cent a gallon)	5,000,000
Administrative changes in tax law	100,000,000
Post-office Department savings	25,000,000
Congressional reductions in Budget Bureau estimates	125,000,000
Total	$1,246,000,000
Needed to balance budget	1,241,000,000
Surplus	$5,000,000



The Gantlet

—Gage in the Louisville "Courier-Journal."

BUT a Congressional revolt is rising against this revenue bill with its sales tax, declares the political observer of the Washington *News*, which says editorially:

"Such a sales tax is unjust because most of the weight falls on the rank-and-file consumers, the poor people. It is especially unjust when upward of one-fifth of the population are victims of unemployment, and additional millions are on part-time employment, or drastically reduced wages.

"Such a sales tax is unwise because it is a blow at business. Even at the height of prosperity business should not be encumbered by such a load. But during a period of depression it is utter madness to think of putting up new barriers to the sale of goods.

"There are plenty of sane and effective methods by which the Government can handle its deficit without resorting to the sales tax. It can more than double its upper bracket income and inheritance taxes. It can lower its high tariff wall, thereby increasing trade and customs revenues. It can cut non-productive expenditures, including Army and Navy, which eat up such a large proportion of tax revenues. It can exact a limited luxury tax. And the remaining shortage—if there is a shortage—can be taken care of by borrowing until business has recovered to the point where an income tax will produce adequate returns."

This new tax is neither democratic nor Democratic, in the opinion of the independent St. Louis *Star:*

"That sales tax, falling on the people in proportion to their needs and not their ability to pay, looks like a notice to Big Business that there is no need to fear the Democratic party—it is just a drug-store substitute for the genuine Republican article."

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The First Round for Roosevelt

ALL SMILES, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt picks a telegram out of the pile on his desk and shows it to the newspaper men in lieu of a statement—"Granite State furnishes best material for foundations."

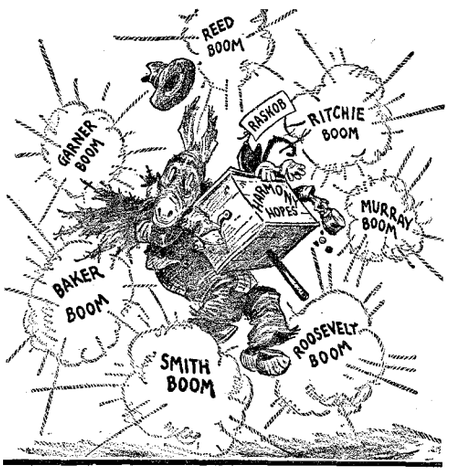
That New Hampshire by going for Roosevelt in the first of the 1932 Presidential primaries has boosted the New York Governor's boom is everywhere admitted.

It was the first real test. It was the first round in the contest with Alfred E. Smith for delegates from the Eastern States. "Roosevelt draws first blood," is a favorite newspaper way of putting it.

Roosevelt followers in Albany, Washington, and elsewhere, are jubilant. Senator Dill of Washington State says in Washington, D. C.: "The 'Stop Roosevelt' movement is dying before it is fully born."

On paper, the New Hampshire primary means only eight Roosevelt delegates, but, say the Roosevelt followers in Albany, in reality it means a whole lot more. According to George Van Slyke of the New York *Sun*, they are celebrating "another Bunker Hill or Lexington for their cause"—

"They see it solidifying the wavering Democrats in half a dozen States. Now they anticipate there will be a renewed rush for the Roosevelt band-wagon on the part of cautious and watchful State leaders. Even non-partizans admit that there is justification for crediting New Hampshire for having supplied the incentive needed in many such wobbly States."



Our Home-Made Shanghai
—Sykes, Phila. "Evening Public Ledger."

AND, yet, not everybody admits that the Roosevelt victory in New Hampshire is a conclusive test of the relative standing of Smith and Roosevelt in New England and elsewhere in the East, writes Theodore C. Wallen from Washington to the New York *Herald Tribune*. Smith supporters, he reminds us, say they never claimed more than part of the New Hampshire delegation. Also, disinterested observers point out that the outcome was more an organization achievement than a popular verdict.

In New Hampshire the Republican Manchester *Union* seems inclined to this idea. The result, in its opinion, shows

"That a far-flung organization directed by skilful managers is a more potential force in carrying an election than localized enthusiasm. And the Roosevelt organization functioned with almost faultless precision in the places where it counted."

The Smith defeat in New Hampshire, thinks the Newark (N. J.) *News*, "will spur his followers to make a better showing in Massachusetts and the other New England States"—

"They can not afford to let Mr. Roosevelt make a runaway. So it is to be expected there will be livelier contests with more fireworks and more strenuous political efforts in the ensuing primaries."

Governor Roosevelt now has 16 delegates from Washington, 6 from Alaska, and 8 from New Hampshire. He also has 24 from Minnesota, but there was a bolt at the convention which will mean a contesting Smith delegation at Chicago. By the time this appears in print the reader will know whether Roosevelt or Governor Murray has captured North Dakota's delegates at the primary on March 15. Georgia's 28 delegates are conceded to Roosevelt. The next big test comes on April 26 when Roosevelt and Smith will contest in the primaries for 36 delegates from Massachusetts and 76 from Pennsylvania.

Is the Wheat Gift a Dole?

"WHEN IS A DOLE NOT A DOLE?" Snorting in derision, critics of the Hoover Administration toss that question at the White House as plans go forward for distributing 40,000,000 bushels of Farm Board surplus wheat to our needy millions.

Recalling how vigorously the Administration fought the proposed cash gift by Congress to the Red Cross for drought and unemployment sufferers, on the ground that it would be a "dole," these critics declare with the Baltimore *Sun* that—

"The fact remains that in directly distributing wheat to the needy the Federal Government is providing a 'dole' just as much as tho it were contributing an equivalent amount of money for the purchase of a commodity of which it happens to be the owner.

"The efforts of the 'statesmen' in Washington to skid around this obvious fact are at once amusing and pathetic.

"They must indicate either a remarkable degree of blindness on the part of those who hold high station in the National Capital, or a most contemptuous opinion of the perspicacity of the country at large."

But it is not a dole, says John Barton Payne, chairman of the American Red Cross, which is to distribute the 40,000,000 bushels of wheat, valued at $25,000,000 to $30,000,000. He distinguishes the measure from a dole "by pointing out that the actual money was not involved," writes the correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

"The Red Cross, he explained, does not ask its subscribers for commodities, but it does request money. If it should be taking money from the Government now, its contributors in future cases would say, 'let the Government pay,' Mr. Payne declared. This does not hold when the government gift is in the form of a commodity, he added."

FREIGHT and milling costs will have to be paid for out of the wheat itself, Mr. Payne said. He also warned, according to the New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent, that "the Red Cross would refuse to stand the expense of paying for the baking of the flour into bread, altho one of the provisions in the measure requires the wheat to be distributed in this form in cities of 25,000 or over."

The first shipment of free wheat—5,000,000 bushels—was sent to the South Dakota drought area.

Just before the measure passed the House by the overwhelming vote of 344 to 2, it was denounced by James C. Stone, Chairman of the Farm Board, as "utterly unfair" to the Board, because no provision was made to reimburse it for the grain.

But this reduction of its huge wheat surplus should benefit the Board, many papers think, pointing out that the excess is "a white elephant eating its head off" through storage charges of eighteen cents a bushel a year.

"The distribution will not only afford the unfortunate some relief," remarks the Houston *Post*, "but reduce the surplus of wheat that hangs over the market like an evil spirit." In short, it is "a meritorious and common-sense measure," declares this Texas paper, and the Detroit *News* adds that it is "a good dole."

On the other hand, *The Jersey Journal* believes that "even this relief will be mixed with grief, for every bushel given away means just so much wheat which might have been sold and won't be sold, since it can be had for nothing—which means still lower prices and less business for the farmer."

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"Alfalfa Bill's" Drive for the White House

THE "LOOKS LIKE A GENIAL HOBO," this Presidential aspirant, with his "seedy clothes and his bushy mustache."

"But his twinkling eyes, even more than his words, disclose that he is something more than either a tramp or a clown.

"He takes to clowning because he enjoys it, and because it gets him attention and votes, but he knows what he wants, and usually he gets it."

Thus we glimpse Oklahoma's Governor, William H. ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray, through the eyes of Wayne Gard, a writer for *The New Republic*.

"Next June, 'Alfalfa Bill' will be hell-bent for Chicago," adds Mr. Gard, "to take part in what he calls the 'disputin'." Now he is up to his ears in a campaign to win delegates to the Democratic convention. He is after his first "cup of coffee," as a Presidential term was termed in T. R.'s day.

"I'm going to stump the country in the next few months," he avers, "and I'll tell why the Government is going to the dogs and what's needed to remedy conditions.

"It's going to be a new crusade for leaderless America."

How far can Murray go? That is the question to-day in the mind of a public which has been both amused and puzzled by the Oklahoma Governor. The man who won the Governorship by a hitch-hiking campaign, who called out the National Guard to close the oil-fields to force up oil prices, who stood on his head on the State Capitol lawn—how much of a convention factor is this picturesque politician going to be?

"Bread and butter, bacon and beans"—that is the Murray campaign slogan.

"I take this step," said the Sage of Tishomingo, announcing his candidacy, "only out of a profound sense of duty to the great middle class and the little man, for no one else seems to care to champion their cause."

"No man," declares Murray, "is fit to be President who has not worked for $1 a day and lived on it." And here is a further illuminating statement:

"The great battle of 1932 is on.
"It is America against Wall Street, special interests, and predatory wealth.
"None but Americans should be called to carry the banner of democracy to a glorious victory."

IN his campaign for North Dakota delegates, the Governor declared:

"We send a poker-player to jail for thirty days—on the basis of the harm inflicted by the grain and stock speculators, we should send them to prison for life."

A Presidential candidate at sixty-two, Murray to-day looks back upon a career which includes "a generous share of ups and downs," as Mr. Gard tells us. At twelve he ran away from home "to pick cotton and chop wood for a living, cooking his own meals on stones, and sleeping on the ground." He "has been a cow-puncher, a farmer, a school-teacher, a newspaper-subscription agent, a State-house reporter in Texas, and a lawyer—in addition to having been a politician and a colonizer."

"Less than two years ago he was as obscure as any man in any old street," writes Martin Heflin in the New York *Herald Tribune*—

"Unknown, unsung to the new masses crowding steadily into the young State; all but forgotten, even by the old-timers, who almost overnight were called upon to recall how, a quarter of a century past, this same 'Alfalfa Bill' had placed an ambitious, youthful shoulder to the wheels of early Statehood, and pushed hard.

"More, they were to remember that he had creditably served them in the nation's Congress from 1912 to 1916, to be rejected for longer service only when he predicted, and warned them: 'War's comin' sure as Christmas. Look out!'

"And we wonder how many of them even now have heard that no less a public man than Champ Clark once called Murray 'one of the best constitutional lawyers in the United States; possibly the best parliamentarian in the world.'"

AS a politician, "his most jaundiced detractors concede he is a good one," writes Frank R. Kent in the Baltimore *Sun*, telling us that the Governor dominated every move of the Oklahoma Democratic convention which pledged him the State's twenty-two delegates to Chicago.

From the Governor's State and national platform, many political observers regard him as an apostle of Bryan. Among the things he advocates are coinage of "enough gold and silver to meet normal demands," conscription of both men and property in time of war, revision of the national banking system through setting up of the decentralized Scotch banking system, graduated State and national income taxes, with the "highest on excess salaries of corporation managers."

Underwood

Ready for His First "Cup of Coffee"

Altho the platform fails to mention Prohibition, Governor Murray is said to favor a system of wet and dry zoning.

NOW that Murray is a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, "it is time that some one did him the service of describing him as he is," writes Frank L. Dennis in the Boston *Herald*. After noting that he "has become, in the national mind, rather a comic figure," Mr. Dennis continues:

"The only benefit the Oklahoma Governor has received from his unusual picturesqueness, is that it has won him national attention. But attention which is accompanied either by a chuckle or an outright laugh really is of no benefit at all to a man who hopes to be regarded seriously as a candidate for President.

"Actually, Governor Murray is an intelligent, extremely capable, and forceful executive. His intelligence is keen, his mind is facile, and his knowledge is varied and accurate.

"In conversation, Governor Murray is delightful, rather than amusing, as he has been made to appear. He is a good listener as well as a good talker.

"One who spends an hour in conversation with him finds himself continually amazed by his breadth of knowledge upon involved questions of economics and government, and by a wide familiarity with literature which usually is gained only through long, formal study, of which Governor Murray has had but little."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

HOARDERS are guilty of the sin of idledollartry.—*Ohio State Journal.*

TEETH are things you have out just before the doctor decides it was your tonsils, after all.—*Houston Chronicle.*

IT seems that the League of Nations works best at stopping wars when there ain't any.—*Ohio State Journal.*

WHEN men resort to safety-razors, about all the barbers can do is to shave their expenses.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

WHEN three lunatics escaped from a British asylum, posses went out and brought in five.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

THE attitude of Japan reminds one of the sheep-stealer whose excuse was that a sheep tried to bite him.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter (Boston).*

JAPAN could rightly contend that she is fighting a war to end this year's civil war in China.—*Springfield Union.*

SHE was just temperamental—90 per cent. temper and 10 per cent. mental.—*Florida Times-Union.*

THE campaign managers issue the dodgers and the candidates dodge the issues.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

AND it would please the spirit of George Washington if the hoarders would celebrate 1932 as a buy-centennial.—*Chicago News.*

JAPAN'S stand for disarmament at Geneva isn't inconsistent; no other nation is doing as much to prove it's a good idea.—*Detroit News.*

WE don't want to crab the Olympic Games, but sliding downhill on a sled is our idea of nothing to give a grown-up man a medal for. —*Southern Lumberman.*

"THERE is too much love in fiction," says a literary critic. Judging by the large number of breach-of-promise cases, the reverse is also true.—*Passing Show.*

WHY not get up a name to shame the hoarders into emptying their socks? Look what Scofflaw did to the booze-hoisters, and what Booksneaf did to the booksneaves. You'd be surprized.—*Macon Telegraph.*

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Plenty of Volunteer Workers in the Anti-hoarding Campaign

—Darling in the New York "Herald-Tribune."

AN Ohio man who can speak six languages recently married a woman who can speak three. That's darn good handicapping. —*Judge.*

THE Philippines show a treasury surplus for 1931 of $500,000. Perhaps they had better send a Governor-General over here. —*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

"THE only thing a banker will lend you now is his ear," says the Greensboro *Herald-Journal.* Well, he's pretty free, too, with his noes.—*Weston Leader.*

A TENDER heart is what causes a man to burst out crying when he reads that a corporation president has cut his own pay to $54,000 a year.—*San Diego Union.*

A WESTERN prison is said to be planning a five-hole golf course for its inmates. Come to think of it, we'd kinda like to see a club with a crook at both ends.—*Boston Herald.*

THE Philippines have been saved from the curse of independence again. This happened just in time for the little brown brothers to help us celebrate the birthday of G. Washington, an authority on the subject.—*The New Yorker.*

THE public's worst enemy is the public.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

BOILED down, Japan's grievance against the Chinese is that they occupy China.—*Houston Chronicle.*

STOP that war in the Orient, quick, before the avalanche of Chinese war novels starts!—*Southern Lumberman.*

MAYBE preparedness invites war, but it doesn't invite other nations to land troops in your seaports.—*Los Angeles Times.*

IF the League of Nations doesn't do something pretty soon, they'll be calling that bird the dub of peace.—*Boston Herald.*

IN other words, America must forgive the war debts so Europe can afford to prepare for another war.—*Albany (Ore.) Democrat-Herald.*

THE old arguments between the North and the South have died out everywhere except in the bridge games.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

FEWER college girls marry, which may indicate that higher education improves the judgment.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

WE always make it a point to borrow money from pessimists—they don't expect to get it back anyway. —*Thomaston Times.*

IT'S too bad the Government can't charge an amusement tax on the utterances of some of the candidates.—*Springfield Union.*

THE consumption of beer in this country has decreased. If things go on like this, the brewers will be agitating for Prohibition.—*Passing Show (London).*

JAPAN does not want an acre of Manchurian soil, a Jap statesman says. That's right, all it wants is what Manchuria grows and makes. —*Haverhill (Mass.) Gazette.*

THE annual report shows that the Philippines had a surplus in the treasury last year. That proves that they haven't yet been thoroughly Americanized. — *Southern Lumberman.*

ALL we know about Tammany jobholders who build up bank balances in the hundreds of thousands on ordinary salaries is that they probably don't keep joint checking accounts with their wives.—*Detroit News.*

ALTHO Mills is running the Treasury, it is perhaps too much to expect of the Treasury to be running the mills.—*Weston Leader.*

A NEW flower, discovered in Central Africa, is to be called Nifflidolliphantissianthemum. We hope not to have to refer to this again.—*Detroit News.*

IF we were the Filipinos, what with all these goings-on in Shanghai, we think we would decide to stick to Uncle Sam a little longer.—*American Lumberman.*

IT has been proved that a herring traveled from New York to Liverpool. Goldfish, of course, think nothing of going right round the globe.—*The Humorist (London).*

THE American citizen has the privilege of changing his mind about Prohibition, but if booze comes back he'll probably have trouble minding his change.—*Weston Leader.*

AMERICAN mouths, says a statistic, consumed 272 bushels of apples every second last year, and this being a campaign year, we fancy American ears will consume an even greater quantity of the sauce thereof.—*Boston Herald.*

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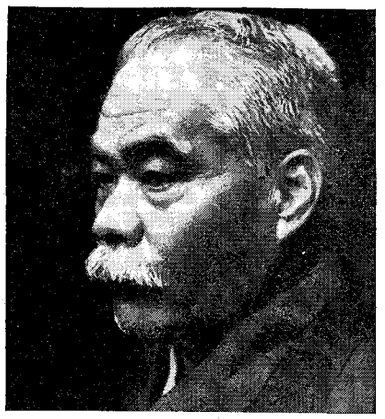
International

Junnosuke Inouye, famous financier and Liberal statesman, shot and killed February 9, 1932, as he was about to address a political meeting.

Keystone

Baron Takuma Dan, assassinated March 5, in the street before the offices of the Mitsui Gomei Kaisha, foremost Japanese commercial enterprise, of which he was Managing Director.



Acme

Premier Yuko Hamaguchi, shot November 14, 1930. After months of illness, Mr. Hamaguchi died from the effects of his wounds on August 25, 1931.

Eminent Victims of Japan's Assassination Wave

Japan the "Land of Assassination"

THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME TRUTH in the oft-repeated statement that Japan is the "Land of Assassination."

With scathing cynicism the Tokyo *Asahi* thus remarks on the political murders which alarm the Government, the press, and the people in Japan, and inspire some Tokyo editors to make humiliating comparisons with "gang rule in the United States."

Besides the killing of Mr. Junnosuke Inouye, a former Finance Minister, on February 9, and the killing of Baron Takuma Dan, one of Japan's world-famous financial leaders, on March 5, we are reminded of the killing of Premier Hamaguchi, and also of unsuccessful attempts on the life of the Emperor and of former Premier Wakatsuki.

The plea of the assassins, as in the case of Mr. Hamaguchi, is that the attack was made, not on the victim "as an individual," but on the political interests represented by him. This, the Tokyo *Japan Advertiser* notes, places the act within the category of political crimes, but this American-owned newspaper observes:

"The question which naturally arises is why the life of statesmen or public men who bear the grave responsibilities of the nation's welfare in their hands, and whose personal life is largely sacrificed in the service of their country, should be more cheaply valued than that of the humblest of the nation's subjects.

"In other words, why should crimes against these men be dealt with less severely than crimes among individuals?"

CABLED editorials from the Japanese press to THE LITERARY DIGEST reveal that altho the police ought to have been sufficiently warned by the assassination of Mr. Inouye, they had not taken the necessary precautions to protect Baron Dan, and the *Asahi* makes the grave point that:

"There appears to be some basis for the charge that the police, in their eagerness to promote the Government's cause during the elections, failed to take the proper measures.

"It is true the police were battling the Left extremists. But ultra-patriots of the type represented by the assassins of Inouye and Dan need to be more strictly controlled than the Lefts.

"Things here are worse than in America, where the police are unable to curb the criminal gangs, of which one recently kidnaped the Lindbergh child."

Even more startling is the downright accusation of the Tokyo *Kokumin:*

"The corruption of our political administration is at the bottom of the whole atmosphere of such social inclinations. Our representative government is entirely disappointing, and behind the decadent social tendency terrorism prevails."

A GAG on criticism is bruited, and the Ministry of Home Affairs in Japan is rumored to be thinking that perhaps stricter control should be held over criticism of statesmen, whether in or out of office. The use of strong and provocative language, say Home Office officials, whether in newspapers, magazines, or pamphlets on the subject of political affairs, has become intensified.

Such expressions as "traitors to the country," "treacherous subjects," and "rebels," according to the Home Office, are frequently used about men who actually are neither traitors, rebels, nor anything like that, but are so regarded only by their political opponents. That is why the Tokyo *Yomiuri* is imprest with "the imperative necessity that the authorities do something to remedy the situation," for "it is deeply regrettable that thoughtless demagogs have misled ignorant youths, driving the most desperate among them to direct action."

The Tokyo *Jiji*, too, declares positively:

"The press and public men must refrain from irresponsible remarks and criticisms of State affairs, lest ignorant and sensitive youths be given false encouragement to perpetrate atrocities."

But a gunman is a gunman, wherever he is, even in Japan, where he calls himself a "patriot." This sharp notice is given to the authorities by some Tokyo editors who are indignant at the immunity of these so-called "patriots." It will be startling to many, no doubt, to learn from the *Nichi Nichi* that:

"Countless 'patriotic' societies exist in Japan, deriving their subsistence from blackmail.

"They are allowed to flourish openly, because both political parties use them. Every thinking Japanese condemns them, but none dares attack them for fear of the consequences."

THE secret organizations for political removal by death, says the London *Times*, had a hand in the assassination of Mr. Inouye, which has deprived his party, the Minseito, or Liberals, of a most competent financier, who in his later years had shown such ability as a politician that public opinion signaled him out as a future Prime Minister. This daily continues:

"The murderer, it is true, is said to have maintained that he was inspired by sympathy with the peasantry, whose economic distress he ascribed to Mr. Inouye's deflationary policy.

"But if, as is alleged, he is a member of an association of

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extreme Nationalists and was armed by the notorious 'Black Dragon' society, which supports a policy of continental conquest and expansion, his crime assumes a still more serious aspect.

"The reactionaries in Japan have shown a strong bias against the Minseito party, and only last August Mr. Hamaguchi, a patriotic Samurai, who had been Prime Minister of the first party Ministry his country had known, died of the wounds inflicted upon him by a member of one of these bodies which had criticized the 'weakness' of Minseito policy in China.

"Whether his successor, Baron Wakatsuki, was unwillingly hurried into hostilities in Manchuria by the Army, or, less probably, agreed in advance to strong measures at Mukden, no non-Japanese observer would have described the Chinese policy of the last Japanese Ministry as particularly pacific."

BRIGHT OUTLOOK IN BRITAIN
BRITAIN BALANCES BUDGET
£40 000 000 SURPLUS EXPECTED
PROBABLE REDUCTION OF INCOME TAX
BRITISH BURDEN LIGHTENED
BRITISH RESTRICTIONS ON PURCHASE OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE TO BE LIFTED
$1 781 017 496 IS DEFICIT OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BRITAIN REPAYS HALF OF THE FRENCH AND U.S. CREDITS SIX MONTHS BEFORE PAYMENT DUE
RACEY

Wonderful Old John Bull

Uncle Sam: "And some of my papers have been telling me that John was on his last legs. How in heck does he do it?"
—A. G. Racey in "The Daily Star" (Montreal).

FANATICS also threatened the Foreign Minister of this Cabinet, Baron Shidehara, *The Times* recalls, and some Tokyo press correspondents report that "sinister rumors continue to surround the illness" of Baron Shidehara, who has been confined to his home since the eve of the shooting of Mr. Inouye. Baron Shidehara has been reported variously as "suffering from heart disease and from an attempt upon his life."

Mr. Inouye disgruntled the "patriots," according to *The Times*, by suggesting the limitation of Japanese action in Manchuria, and it comments:

"It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he fell a victim to the *ronins*. These 'wave-men' are sometimes honest, if bewildered, die-hards who are equally horrified by bobbed hair, Socialism, and the limitation of battle-fleets. More often they are mere political *bravi*, who find patriotism a useful cloak for violence and blackmail, and have unhappily been employed in past elections by both the great political parties in Japan.

"But in the present situation, when a Seiyukai Government, which has no majority in the Diet, is involved in or has been dragged into a conflict on the borders of the International Settlement of Shanghai, the tragic death of an eminent political leader, whose financial experience forbade him to look favorably on a policy of adventure, must increase the misgivings of all the foreign friends of the Far Eastern Powers."

John Bull Comes Up Smiling

"BUY BRITAIN FOR THE STEADY PULL."

That's the new slogan widely heard to match the famous "Don't sell America short."

The new cry of cheer springs from the "financial miracle" of Britain emerging from the depths that six months ago disturbed the world.

The pound sterling on March 8 swung to a 20 cents rally, but British financial circles, according to London press dispatches, generally regard the sensational advance of sterling with disfavor, because they consider that the foreign speculation which caused it delays rather than hastens stabilization of the currency. Also, we are told, the instability of the exchanges hinders the recovery of British export trade, which is held to be a vital factor in the restoration of sound conditions.

Editorials from the London financial press cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST reveal caution as well as confidence. Take *The Financial Times:*

"The British public throughout have manifested their confidence in sterling. Their readiness also to direct their actions to a rectification of a position which undoubtedly possest serious possibilities must have given the world a clearer insight than ever before into the capacity of the nation to stand up squarely to a crisis.

"This factor had no small share in bringing about a revival of confidence abroad in the pound. It is not of much avail to attempt any close examination of the methods by which the operations were carried out. As usual they have been most skilfully executed, with a result which shows emphatically that this country's belief in the pound has not been misplaced.

"At the same time a word of thanks is due to bankers abroad who not only participated in the assistance originally extended, but have foregone proportions of their own profits in order to permit us to make an early repayment of some portion of our liabilities. . . .

"Meanwhile there is only a semblance of normality. To ignore that fact would be to close our eyes to some very real dangers."

A sharply warning note, too, is sounded by another famous financial weekly, the London *Economist*, which points out:

"The recovery of the pound depends, as far as can be judged, partly upon Indian gold shipments, partly upon the repatriation of British capital, and partly upon the influx of foreign capital.

"In regard to the latter, the effect here is that definite short-term liabilities of foreign central commercial banks are being replaced by indefinite liabilities of foreign financial interests and private investors.

"For these reasons Chamberlain undoubtedly was correct in suggesting that the recent strength of sterling should not be regarded as justification for promiscuous floating of foreign loans."

NOT one person in a thousand, we read in a *Sunday Observer* editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST, "realizes the extraordinary transformation that has occurred in the position and prospects of Great Britain during the last six months."

As to how the marvel was accomplished, the Montreal *Daily Star* declares "it is not too much to say that British national character has brought off this triumph," and it proceeds:

"Faced with a fearful situation, Britain swallowed her financial pride and abandoned the gold standard when the necessity was clear.

"Immediately she set her house in order. She balanced her budget by heroic measures. She cut civil service salaries, raised a tariff to restore her balance of trade, and redrest her 'dole' payments.

"Not only is Britain paying off America, but she has reduced a French credit of twenty million pounds to seven million, and has the money available for the repayment of other French loans."

All in all, the Montreal *Star* adds, Britain has succeeded, within six months, in repaying abroad some $400,000,000 of gold obligations with a net loss of only $50,000,000 of gold. Once more, remarks the St. John (N. B.) *Telegraph-Journal*, Britain has "shown to the world the fundamental strength of her institutions and her wonderful recuperative powers."

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Briand's Legacy to Europe

"THE GREATEST FRENCHMAN and the greatest European" is what Aristide Briand is called by Sir Austen Chamberlain.

Yet the Moscow *Pravda* venomously declares that Briand's name is "synonymous with treachery to the working-class."

His plan of the United States of Europe, *Pravda* adds bitterly, was "really a plan to create a union of capitalist countries of Europe under French hegemony."

But Foreign Minister Dino Grandi of Italy ranks Briand as "one of the greatest servants of France and of world peace."

Prospects of Franco-German harmony are held dimmer for his passing. Not the least suggestive tribute from foreign statesmen is that of Chancellor Heinrich Bruening:

"His name is bound up with endeavors for Franco-German rapprochement, and it will continue to live in this spirit.

"Altho developments have brought many disappointments for Germany, the German people nevertheless acknowledge at this man's bier that while serving his fatherland with indefatigable loyalty, he was at the same time an upright, sincere servant of the ideal of peace, filled with an honest desire for Franco-German reconciliation."

Thus, even after he has passed on, within three weeks of his seventieth birth anniversary, the conflicting currents of eulogy and anathema for Briand, Premier of France eleven times, and in three decades of a brilliant political life a member of many Cabinets, still rage around his name. In France itself, the press is almost equally controversial. But cabled editorials to THE LITERARY DIGEST reveal in some sections a certain kindliness mingled with admiration. For instance, Stéphane Lauzanne, editor of the Paris *Matin*, observes:

"It was said of Briand that he was a 'fixer.' He did not deny it, and perhaps he took it for a compliment, replying: 'The world will never have too many fixers, and these fixers never will have too much genius.'

"His epitaph should read: 'He passed the last years of his life seeking to arrange the noblest and largest peace, not only a peace between nations, but a domestic peace between citizens and religions, a peace between the premiers of the church and premiers of the State.'"

"Pertinax," political editor of the *Echo de Paris*, exhibits his habitual gadfly manner:

"Briand reached the heights of his ministerial career from 1925 through 1931. The fruitful results were the Locarno Treaty of October, 1925; the Thoiry conversations of 1926; the end of military control in Germany in 1926; the Kellogg antiwar pact in 1927; the protocol announcing evacuation of the Rhineland in 1928; the project for the European Union in 1929.

"Many regard these as steps in a coordinated scheme which has already become legend. That is something that history must answer.

"But remember that Germany's reaction immediately following the evacuation of the Rhineland proves that neither the Geneva formula nor Thoiry changed Germany.

"Germany took what she wanted from what Briand offered and threw away the rest, advancing by several years her diplomatic and military recovery."

FORMER Premier Pierre Laval, a protégé of Briand, epitomizes Briand's course as follows:

"The treaties of Locarno, which he prepared and signed, the pact of Paris (Kellogg-Briand pact), and all his work with the League of Nations made Briand the greatest servitor of the peace which he always loved passionately."

Such is the actual legacy of Briand as seen by reviewers of his long, arduous political endeavors. But some think he will be remembered most for his proposal for a United States of Europe, a project "second only to the creation of the League of Nations under the inspiration of Woodrow Wilson."

Meanwhile at Cocherel, the little Norman town where Briand used to spend his quiet days fishing and taking walks, the neighbors are not concerned so much with his fame in Europe as a foremost statesman, or as the magical orator, who at Geneva could "bring tears into the eyes of Europe's assembled War Ministers and military dictators." The folk of Cocherel are recalling his knowledge of agriculture, and of his cows, pigs, and horses. He carefully followed the price of agricultural products, relate United Press dispatches, and many peasants came to him for advice on their problems.

He built this country refuge by close economies in his long,

Underwood & Underwood photograph

There Was No Politics in This

Aristide Briand tagged with flowers for the tubercular poor by young French women, whose slogan was "even Prime Ministers 'shall not pass.'"

public career, and a Cocherel correspondent of the Associated Press informs us that "it is thought he died a poor man."

Short of stature, with broad, almost hunched shoulders, and a drooping mustache, French cartoonists rarely failed to include in a picture of him the form of a dove of peace, and a United Press correspondent gives this sketch of him at Cocherel in the Eure Valley in Normandy:

"As a farmer he is as great a success as a politician. He has exhibited poultry, horses, and other farmyard live stock at the neighboring fairs, and repeatedly won honors.

"He is an ardent colombophile also, and when, in his garden, he is surrounded by his doves, he provides a picture recalling the caricatures in the newspapers showing him holding out the dove of peace to Mother Europe.

"When he tires of the farm, he obeys the call of the sea and sets out in his small yacht. With fishing-rod, a pile of books, a blue pencil, and a stock of cigarets, he is content to spend days on end in this way.

"If his presence is suddenly required in Paris because of danger to the Government, the little old lady who runs the village post-office dashes down to the shore and waves a handkerchief out to the yacht as a signal to the Minister of Foreign Affairs that he is wanted ashore."

BRIAND never married, altho there were recurring rumors of his engagement. Once, late in life, it is related, when his name was linked with that of a beautiful French woman, much younger than he, he said, "No young woman would want to marry me, and I would not marry an old one."

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Soviet "Rats"

JUST AFTER THE WAR we heard much of Russia's "wild children"—forlorn waifs bereft of home and family, roaming in groups like scavenger dogs.

"The Road to Life," a film put out by the Russian Amkino Corporation, tells us how the Soviet Union has dealt with them—or tries to.

Some skepticism is apparent here and there, in comments on this "propaganda" film, but wherever it is shown reports of crowded houses tell of its drawing power for its own sake as a fascinating movie entertainment.

Courtesy of Amkino Corporation

Mustapha, the Savage Tatar Boy, Under Arrest

Cornered by an officer in the raid on the "Wild Boys" quarters.

Movie it largely is, for the characters speak a language unintelligible to the majority, and the English captions explain the drift.

"It is the point of view, the demonstration of Soviet dream and view-point," says Richard Watts, Jr., in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "that make 'Road to Life' dramatic and distinguished, even while the story is less than important." For—

"The film merely shows you briefly those helpless young vagabonds who still wander desperately about Moscow, cold, starving, dangerous, almost inhuman, and then tells of a triumphant effort to bring them into a Soviet collective, to make them a part of the new Communist State, rather than a dangerous menace to it.

"Of course, in the end they are filled with the joys of work and brotherhood, and, in a hearty uprising, destroy the evil forces that would force them back into their old life.

"For students of the Soviet psychology, 'Road to Life' is particularly striking in its dramatization of the essential puritanism of the Russian experimenters. Not even the most earnest lectures of the crusading moralists of this capitalistic land could be filled with more loathing, more devastating hatred, of such bourgeois vices as drinking and sex frivolity, than the picture contains.

"A few recalcitrant members of the ex-waifs' colony are sentenced to fifteen days for 'drinking and absence from work,' and the resulting editorial admiration is loud and enthusiastic. The fine confidence of the experimenters in the essential goodness of every one save a counter-revolutionary bent on sabotage seems enormously interesting as a sidelight on the Soviet viewpoint, also.

"For one concerned essentially with dramatic effectiveness, however, it is the intense, crusading directness, the frank zeal, of the picture which gives it the chief effect.

"Simplicity and earnestness still being important things in the drama, 'Road to Life,' despite its pictorial defects and its lack of any vast resourcefulness of plot, despite even a certain crudity in the presentation of its view-point, is inescapably powerful.

"The playing is, of course, admirable, thanks to the brilliant selections of types. Nicolai Bataloff is fine as the sociologist, who strives to reform the waifs, but it is a young fellow called J. Kyria, as the boy vagabond Mustapha, who, with his engaging grin, the most likable yet described by the cinema, walks away with the picture in an individual manner which the collectivist Russians may object to."

"THE whole picture is bursting with vitality and animal spirits which make most of our own films seem pallid and hothouse enough," writes Arthur Ruhl in the same paper, with a glance at a world of which Hollywood has remained unconscious:

"It may be that just such stunning raw material exists in our country, such vivid and expressive types, but they rarely break into Hollywood. And even if they did, we could scarcely forge them into such living drama as this, for the simple reason that the gospel of work is an old story, and in some quarters, slightly suspect, with us, while in present-day Russia it has all the passionate drive of a new religion."

More satirical still is the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*, which imagines that if Hollywood "ever heard of the Five-Year Plan, and the 'Road to Life,' it would probably suggest sex drama for Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas. But some one is going to see 'Road to Life' and realize the war is over and that Lionel Barrymore can find more interesting rôles than that of a Grand Duke. 'Road to Life' is just that for pictures."

The Cover

THROUGH St. Ann's Gate, depicted with directness and spontaneity on our cover this week by the American artist Henry S. Eddy, one enters the close surrounding the age-old Salisbury Cathedral, which is about eighty-four miles from London and twenty-one from Southampton.

Salisbury Cathedral was mainly completed in 1263; and quaint old St. Ann's Gate dates from about the same period. Of the Cathedral, Samuel Pepys wrote in 1668: "The Minster most admirable; as big I think and handsomer than Westminster, and a most large close about it, and houses for the officers thereof, and a fine Palace for the Bishop."

Henry Stephens Eddy, who has made a specialty of capturing the old world charm of such spots as St. Ann's Gate, was born in Rahway, New Jersey, in 1878, and studied painting under Volk, Cox, and Twachtman. His work is represented in a number of American galleries and public buildings.

In an exhibition held at the Babcock Galleries in New York last month, Mr. Eddy exhibited a number of paintings of the famous Palace of the Popes in Avignon, France, a celebrated monument which antedates even St. Ann's Gate.

Mr. Eddy has won wide praise for the technique—apparently so direct and simple—by which he catches the color, sunshine, and spirit of old monuments, which exercise so potent a charm over his brush.

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Dramatic Critics Fight Shy

WASHINGTON WOULD LIKE TO GET its hands on dramatic critics.

But the critics are shy.

The House Patents Committee, charging dramatic critics with "knowing nothing and ruining the legitimate theater by posing as know-it-alls," voted to invite them to explain what the committee chairman called their destructive criticism.

The Chairman is Congressman Sirovich of New York, who is said to have written a play that didn't meet critical favor. He accuses the critics "of trampling on the rights of authors and dramatists; of bankrupting producers; of reckless, unbridled, harsh and unjust assaults on actors; of incompetence and ignorance; of preventing banks from lending money to impoverished managers."

The Associated Press sets the scene:

"Chairman Sirovich halted proceedings to tell three newspaper men who sat in the front row of the hearing room that dramatic producers invited to appear before the committee had been unable to come because the 'legitimate drama is on the rocks.'

"'They don't even have a spokesman here,' the New York Democrat said. 'The legitimate drama is being destroyed through wanton criticism. We certainly should do something to protect producers and authors against the malicious dramatic critics.'

"Mr. Sirovich said dramatic critics 'should be subjected to examination before they are allowed to practise their profession, just like doctors, lawyers, and other professional men.'

"'Well, let's have them down here and test them,' said Representative Dies, Democrat, Texas. 'Let's call out the old blue-backed speller and see how many of them know how to spell.'

"Mr. Sirovich then put to the committee a motion unanimously agreed to directing him to invite all dramatic critics to come before the committee to see what can be done 'to give the producers and authors a square deal.'"

THE critics have been on the defensive for some time, owing to the complaints of sundry producers and some well-meaning friends. But the journey to Washington looks too arduous.

"Why should I go to Washington, when I can remain here and see 'Of Thee I Sing'?" asks John Mason Brown of the New York *Evening Post*. "That's as good as going to Washington." This is the Gershwin-Kaufman musical show we treated in our issue of January 16.

The Morning Telegraph reports other critics:

"In general, the boys seem to have an idea that the Congressman picked them out as mediums for calling public attention to the fact that there actually was a House Patents Committee.

"Take Winchell. He said:

"'I never go out of town for a show, a circus, or a carnival. I wait for them to come here. Sirovich will have to get his circus in shape before I give it any time. I've seen his act on Broadway, and I didn't like it.'

"Take Garland: 'I suggest the Congressman should revise his play, "Schemers," I believe it was called, and put it on before the House Patents Committee.'

"Said Gilbert Gabriel, 'The only word in English I can't spell is "Sirovich."'

"Percy Hammond and Richard Lockridge were loath to say more than that they would not go to Washington. (Just a couple of boys with columns to fill to-morrow.)"

AND the Boston *Transcript* seems to bear them out:

"Mr. Sirovich's investigation is altogether a foolish proceeding.

"Critics may err in the condemnation of a show. Sometimes they do; and in that case the public is always on hand to correct their estimate.

"On the other hand, the public may approve of sheer rubbish. Sometimes it does. Popular approval does not necessarily prove that the critics are wrong. Also there are all kinds of newspapers, and consequently all sorts of dramatic writers.

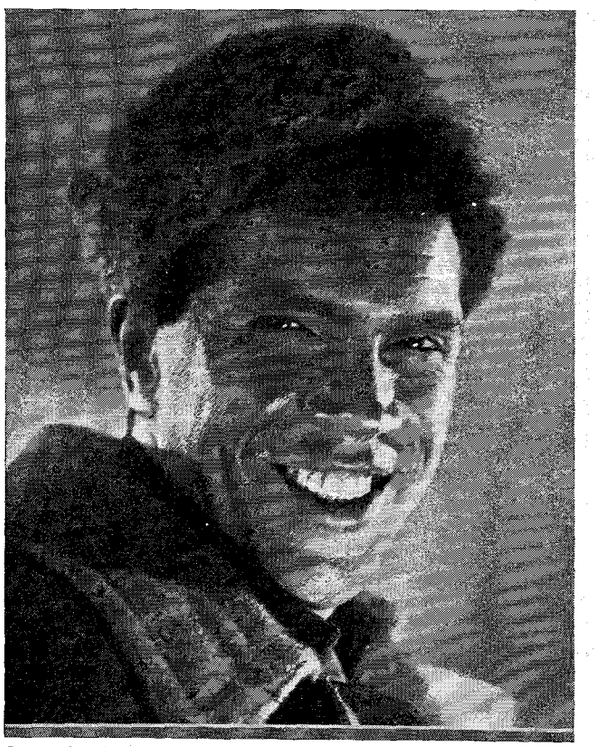
"But in any case the nature and tendency of their writings is no more the business of the Congress of the United States than is confection of a pumpkin pie, or the size and material of a woman's hat."

No "Ghost" for Edgar Wallace

LOOK IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM CATALOG and you will find twenty of its "vast pages" covered by Edgar Wallace.

Tho he dictated millions of words to a dictaphone, Wallace never descended to the use of a "ghost," his English friends now inform us.

The "Diarist" of the London *Evening Standard* says he counted more than 220 titles of Wallace novels, plays, and books of poems dating from 1900 to 1931.



Courtesy of Amkino Corporation

Tamer of the Wild Boys

N. Bataloff, well-known Russian actor, who plays the role of Sergeyeff in the film "Road to Life." His method is a humorous understanding of boy nature.

With all this industry Wallace's fortune in better times might have been colossal. He admitted last year that he was paying $40,000 to $50,000 income tax annually. Since his death Mrs. Wallace told a *Daily Mail* (London) reporter that his fortune "may quite well mount to between $400,000 to $500,000, estimating the pound at its old value." Morover—

"The world-famous writer has left a mass of business documents, contracts, and other papers, of which only a cursory examination has so far been made. This, however, has been sufficient for Mrs. Wallace to form this preliminary estimate of his estate.

"'I quite realize that I am being sympathized with in certain quarters as a more or less penniless window,' Mrs. Wallace said. 'This is absolutely absurd. Quite apart from what my husband has left in immediately realizable assets, I have managed his business affairs for long enough to be assured that the mass of novel, stage, film, and other writing material he has left will bring in between £20,000 and £30,000 annually for the next ten years.'"

A SKETCH of Edgar Wallace's career appeared in our issue for February 27.

It remains only to give some records of personal friends appearing in the English press. Take this one in *The Daily Telegraph:*

"Many fantastic stories were told of Edgar Wallace It was

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said that he hired 'ghosts,' that he had a card index of plots, that he dictated simultaneously a novel to a stenographer and a play to a dictaphone while writing a racing article by hand.

"The truth is that he never used a line of anybody else's writing, and once offered £1,000 to anybody who could prove that he did. Nor did he try the impossible feat of simultaneously dictating different stories.

"But he really was a phenomenally fast worker—faster even than Scott, who wrote the 300,000 words or so of 'Waverley' in six weeks, or Trollope, who wrote about a hundred long novels while doing the work of a civil servant.

"Wallace had two secrets. One was the amazing, almost mechanical, precision of his mind. He never seemed to be at a loss in the steady flow of words; he had the chess-player's faculty of seeing a dozen moves ahead; and he could work in incident after incident, thrill after thrill, that would all link up in the end with the ease of a Capablanca opening a gambit.

"His other secret was the ease of his style. He never tortured his brain for a startling adjective or far-fetched simile. He wrote just as he talked, and he was one of the best talkers in London, whether in private or on a platform—crisp, broad, and humorous.

"Much of his work was spoken into a dictaphone. In this way he could get through a play in two or three days. His fastest time, I think, was one act in three hours; and thanks to his clarity of thought and gift for natural dialog, even this needed little revision. He used also to dictate to a very fast typist.

"In his early days publishers and editors gave him endless amusement. One magazine editor commissioned twelve stories, and wanted the first in a month. Ten days later Wallace dropt in and gossiped, with a parcel under his arm. 'Don't forget that first story,' said the editor as he rose. 'Oh, I nearly forgot,' said Wallace, and he threw down all twelve.

"He wrote three stories for Hollywood during the last two months, the first of which, 'The Menace,' will be seen in London shortly."

Courtesy of Amkino Corporation

Three of the "Wild Boys"

Who act the story of their past in the Russian film, "Road to Life."

ANOTHER "old friend" furnishes some scenes of his early life:

"I first met Edgar Wallace thirty-three years ago in South Africa. He had recently obtained his discharge from the R.A.M.C., and wrote one or two sketches of Army life for *The Argus* in Cape Town.

"These little sketches and one or two sets of verses made quite a small stir, and it was obvious that even then he had the knack of writing.

"When the Boer War broke out and before the newspapers had sent out their special correspondents, there was a dearth of men who could accompany the various columns with sufficient knowledge of soldiering and of writing to make good correspondents.

"It was my task to find a number of men in a hurry, and I remember sending for Edgar Wallace and asking him whether he would accompany General Gatacre's column, which ultimately was checked at Stormberg.

"He jumped at the idea, and when we had arranged terms of pay and expenses, I handed him 100 golden sovereigns (for we hardly used notes in those days) to go on with.

"I shall never forget his look of astonishment when he received the money.

"He said to me: 'I have never seen so much money in my life.'

"He did good work at Stormberg, and then left Reuter's service and joined up with *The Daily Mail*.

"When the war was over he became a reporter, and he frequently told me the grim story of an experience of his. He was sent down to witness an execution, and got a fleeting glimpse of the condemned man as he was hurried to the scaffold, and was horrified to find that he was an old South African friend.

"Edgar Wallace was a genial-hearted, kindly man, always on the lookout for opportunities of helping lame dogs over stiles. The rapidity with which he thought and wrote was nothing short of marvelous.

"I remember seeing him at work in his house, where he sat at a desk, which was enclosed, all but one side, by plate-glass, and underneath was a regular machinery of dictaphones into which he spoke stories when his secretary was not there.

"He had the extraordinary facility of being able to switch off from one story to another without trouble, and, apparently, without effort. In the matter of plots, he was nothing short of a genius, and was capable of producing a plot a minute.

"In later years I saw less of him, but I presume that the theater must have been a great attraction to him; yet, all the same, I believe his heart was in journalism, and he would have loved to have had a day off and do a reporter's work.

"Whenever we met, our talk invariably turned on the technicalities of journalism. He used to say that in every street in London there was a big story waiting for the imaginative and enterprising reporter.

"He was a good friend, and I doubt whether he ever made an enemy."

Mr. Brisbane's Recipe for Good Writing

SUPERFLUOUS words and muddled thinking are the arch-enemies of good writing, says Arthur Brisbane. *The Writer's Monthly* (Springfield, Mass.) publishes an interview with the great Hearst editor and columnist; and *Editor and Publisher* (New York), is so impress with his "sage advice" that it reprints these excerpts for the benefit of those who practise writing as a trade:

"Make your writing striking and musical, if you can. Don't try for onomatopœia. English, unlike German, Greek, and some other languages, does not lend itself to it. Never undo 'apt alliteration's artful aid.'

"Learn to criticize your writings. Strike out 'very' always. Strike out most of your adjectives, remembering the wise Frenchman's remark: 'The adjective is the enemy of the noun.'

"If you write anything of which you are particularly proud, cut that out; or, at least, cut it in two.

"There is seldom such a thing as difficulty in writing, but there is often a difficulty in clear thinking. . . .

"To learn to write, or how to write better, try this short course:

"'The Fables of La Fontaine'—for clear expression of simple thought.

"Sterne's 'A Sentimental Journey'—for English prose.

"'Read Dante's 'Inferno' and his 'Paradiso'—for magnificent writing."

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A Private Boycott to Bring Peace in Shanghai

RUB—BUT YOU WILL NOT RUB OUT the "damned spot" on Japanese silk.

So runs the message of Chinese women to women of America.

They appeal for an American boycott against all Japanese merchandise while the "Shanghai war" is on.

But before that appeal was radioed from Shanghai a boycott movement against Japanese goods had been started, as told in the March 5 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST; and, in spite of frowns in Washington, is being urged upon the whole country.

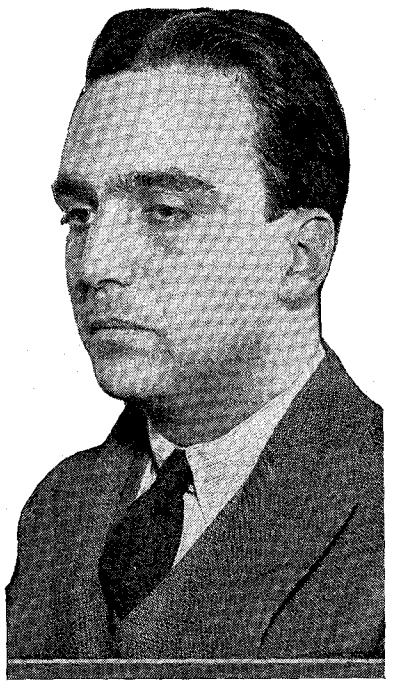
Boycott means war, declares the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi Shimbun.* And millions in loss of trade and more unemployment, says the Department of Commerce.

But the Chinese women assert it will end the Japanese war of aggression against their country. The movement receives the conditional support of the Federal Council of Churches and of Southern Methodists. They would support a boycott as a last resort, and if it is undertaken by the other nations, against either party to the conflict.

The radioed appeal for this economic war against Japan came from the Executive Committee of the National Federation of Chinese Women's Organizations, and is addrest to officials of American women's organizations.

"Dispense with the use of silk and the power of Japan's bloodthirsty war-lords is crippled," runs the radiogram, as quoted by the United Press. "Don't buy Japanese goods, and you'll end this universally condemned war of aggression. Every pair of silk stockings you buy means murder of innocent human beings, every silk dress you purchase means merciless annihilation of a human family, every dollar's worth of Japanese merchandise sold you means a Japanese bullet shot into the heart of a defender of peace."

The radiogram is addrest to the National Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Association of Professional Business Women, the League of Women Voters, the National Women's Council, the Y. M. C. A., the W. C. T. U., and the American Association of University Women.



Acme

Peace by Boycott

William Loeb, Jr., urges this method to end the Chino-Japanese crisis. He is one of the organizers of the American Boycott Association.

THE appeal to the President to establish a boycott having failed, a non-governmental movement was taken up by the American Boycott Association. Announcement of its organization in New York is signed by Mrs. Corliss Lamont, daughter-in-law of Thomas W. Lamont, and wife of an instructor in philosophy in Columbia University, and William Loeb, Jr., who attended Harvard University law school, and whose father was secretary to President Roosevelt.

"The purpose of the association," the announcement says, "is to set up a country-wide non-governmental boycott to effect arbitration in the Chino-Japanese crisis and to preserve the Open Door."

Thousands of pamphlets listing principal Japanese exports to the United States, and urging emphatic refusal to buy Japanese goods or patronize Japanese business, says the United Press dispatch, have been mailed to individuals in all parts of the country. Letters accompanying the pamphlets suggest formation of boycott societies in communities.

"Japan must be taught that the Kellogg pact, the Nine-Power Treaty, and the Covenant of the League of Nations are not mere idealistic expressions of unattainable desires, but are the solemn and common-sense determinations of serious people that order and security, not chaos and terror, shall guide our future," the pamphlet says.

"You and I—every individual in the United States—want to look forward to a sane, well-ordered and well-planned life. This can only be assured if the Kellogg pact and other peace treaties are maintained. If peace can not be maintained in this way, buy your gas-masks, and stop planning. There will be no future."

If all other measures fail to bring peace, the administrative committee of the Federal Council of Churches would indorse suppression of the trade of either country deemed guilty of treaty violation, it says in a formal statement submitted to the churches. The committee insists that the United States must not resort to war or any form of military coercion, urges that exportation of munitions to China and Japan be forbidden, and approves the Stimson policy of refusal to recognize national advantages gained by military means in violation of treaties.

But, continues the statement—

"If every other measure for the restoration of peace should fail, and the other nations by concerted action should declare that either party to the conflict has resorted to force in violation of its treaty obligations, and should consequently sever trade and financial relations with such nation, we believe that the United States, as a last resort, should declare an embargo on trade with that nation.

"It should be explicitly understood that such action will not include a naval blockade or a resort to any other type of naval or military pressure.

"While aware of the objections which may be brought against the use of an embargo, we are convinced that such a collective withholding of trade is a valid instrument of social discipline, and vastly preferable to allowing the war to take its course."

A SIMILAR strong appeal is made by Southern Methodists. In a letter signed by Bishop James Cannon, Jr., chairman, and Eugene L. Crawford, secretary, the Board of Temperance and Social Service of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, urges upon President Hoover a three-point plan.

The first urges united action by the signatories to the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922 to demand immediate cessation of hostilities by both China and Japan; the second would require both belligerents to submit their differences to arbitration. In the event that either China or Japan refuses to cease hostilities and to submit to arbitration, the third point urges the nine Powers "to unite in declaring an immediate embargo on arms and munitions and an immediate economic boycott against the nation refusing to do so."

The Southern Methodists "believe that such prompt action by our Government would be approved by our people, would meet our responsibility as one of the nations signatory to the Nine-Power Treaty, and would be effective in putting an end to the present horrible conditions, which are not only destroying

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property and lives in China but which are imperiling the peace of the world."

But a boycott is a two-edged sword—it cuts both ways. An embargo on Japanese goods would injure American trade and American workmen.

In response to many inquiries, and without comment, the Department of Commerce has compiled preliminary figures of United States trade with Japan during 1931. This amounted to $361,067,000, a drop of $82,543,000 from the preceding year.

Of this total, according to a North American Newspaper Alliance dispatch in the New York *Times*, Japan exported to the United States $205,399,000, and this country shipped to Japan goods valued at $155,668,000, a difference of $49,731,000 in Japan's favor. Of our total imports from Japan, 78 per cent., or $162,921,000, were raw silk. The United States receives all but 15 per cent. of its total of silk from Japan.

Now, we read:

"Raw silk is duty free, and is used in such principal States as Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. The latest Bureau of Census figures show there are 1,648 silk mills in this country, engaging 136,978 workers. A total of 163,022 additional workers are employed in allied silk industries, which would be affected by the boycott.

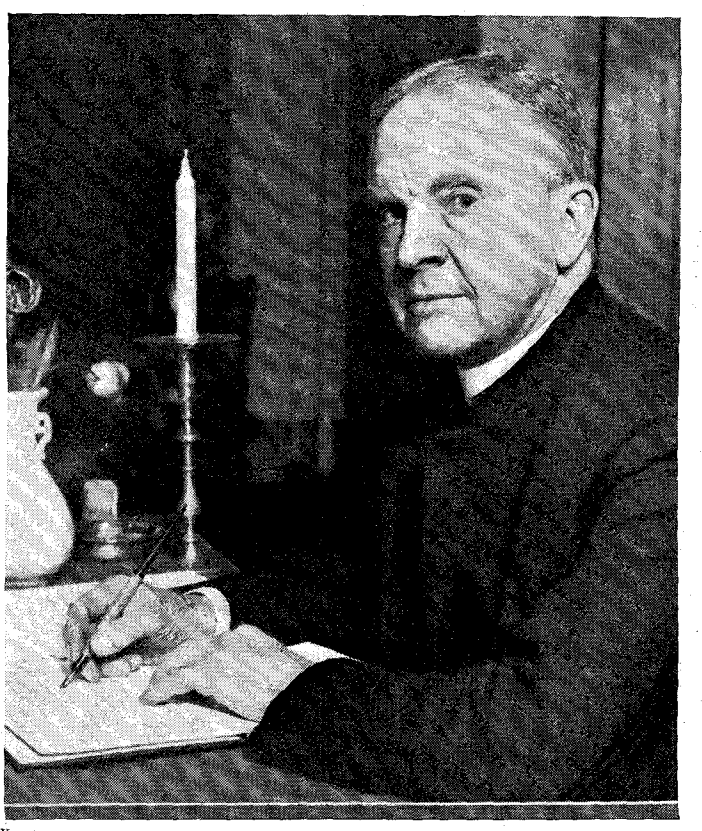
"Because Japan controls two-thirds, or 65,266,000 pounds, of the world's annual output of silk, amounting to 99,065,000 pounds, a boycott under normal conditions in this trade would affect, possibly close, 490 Pennsylvania mills, with 62,839 workers. In New Jersey, 819 mills might be closed, forcing idleness to 27,275. In New York, 181 mills, employing 12,388 workers, would be affected. Connecticut has thirty-five mills and 9,991 workers. Massachusetts, thirty-five mills and 7,808 workers. Rhode Island, thirty-one mills and 6,780 workers. There are fifty-nine other silk-mills scattered throughout the country, employing 9,897 persons."

What might happen if Japan boycotted us is shown thus:

"In 1931, Japan bought $79,586,000 worth of raw cotton, or 40 per cent. of this country's total cotton exports. These shipments were made from Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas. With the United States's surplus cotton piling up each year, Japan has taken the lead in purchases, buying 1,101,000 bales in 1929, a total of 889,000 bales in 1930, and 1,741,000 bales last year. The movement is continuing heavily this year."

On the other hand, 80 per cent. of the world's supply of antimony is produced in Northern China and Manchuria, writes Francis Edward Stearns in a letter to the New York *Times*. He is addressing himself to the "isolationists" who oppose a boycott against Japan, and he goes on to say that 63 per cent. of the world's tungsten resources are found in Inner Mongolia and Western China, over 50 per cent. of which is imported by the United States.

"These," he concludes, "are only two of the economic interests of this country in the Far East, and merely offer a hint of the volume and ramifications of American versus Japan-controlled transportation, port, and financing operations."



Keystone

A Volunteer for the Depression War

The Right Rev. James De Wolf Perry, Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church, cuts his salary $1,500 to help meet the Church's deficit. Many other Bishops and clergy have followed suit.

Ministerial Mites to Meet a Deficit

EPISCOPAL CHURCH STOCK GOES UP ten points. At least, it might read that way. For Bishops, clergymen, and the rank and file of the Church's workers are voluntarily cutting their salaries 10 per cent. to help meet a million-dollar deficit.

One Bishop, who has always paid his salary himself, wonders whether he can continue reaching into his own pocket. But he is going to try. And some of the mission workers have already moved into humbler quarters, and are learning that bread makes good pudding, too.

So, by paring the budget and slashing salaries all down the line, the Church expects to meet the deficit and keep to the field. Otherwise—but it is said there will be no otherwise.

The cut in the case of the Right Rev. James De Wolf Perry, Presiding Bishop, amounts, we read, to $1,500 a year. Bishop William T. Manning and Bishop Suffragan Arthur Selden Lloyd, of the New York Diocese, announce that they will take a 10 per cent. reduction in salary to help meet the emergency.

In Massachusetts, three hundred Episcopal clergymen have volunteered to contribute $30,000 out of their stipends.

Local churches in New York, Brooklyn, and Long Island have reduced the salaries of staff workers, and it is expected that the example will be followed everywhere.

After paring its 1932 budget by $600,000, the Episcopal Church still faces a deficit of $400,000, and to meet it a special meeting of the House of Bishops has been called for April 26-28, at the Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City, Long Island.

In his call for the meeting, Bishop Perry said, we read in the New York *Times:* "A grave economic situation will be considered not only in the light of immediate emergency, but with a view to reestablishment of the whole work of the Church upon foundations of greater security."

The Garden City Conference will consider among other things, we read, an appeal for additional offerings by church members through the usual church channels to avert the curtailment of church activities. Describing the serious situation which the Church faces, Bishop Perry says: "Thus we refer to all of our church people the question whether they will enable us to carry the work to the end of the year, or compel us to abandon whole missionary areas. The situation offers not only emergency, but great opportunity."

Some of the ministerial salaries are pretty meager as it is. And when Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill of the Massachusetts diocese wrote to his clergy of the heavy burden that lay on the Church, he may have remembered, observes the Boston *Herald*, that line in the second epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians about the work of the ministry: "As poor, yet making many

(*Department continued on page 46*)

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It is really Economical to own a

CADILLAC

It is always well to remember that the practice of thrift begins with the purchase of value. The man who buys a Cadillac or La Salle, for instance, is certain to find his investment a most fortunate one—for he has secured real value in his original purchase. Built to the highest standards in every way, Cadillac and La Salle continue to deliver the utmost satisfaction at an age when lesser cars would have ceased to satisfy. Moreover, a car produced to such exacting limits of precision requires the very minimum of maintenance. To these very practical reasons for owning a Cadillac-built car should be added the long-established prestige of the Cadillac name, and the deep-rooted pleasure of possessing anything so genuinely fine and satisfying. Why not inquire into Cadillac economy today? La Salle prices start at $2395, Cadillac at $2795, f. o. b. Detroit.

Standard of the World

CADILLAC

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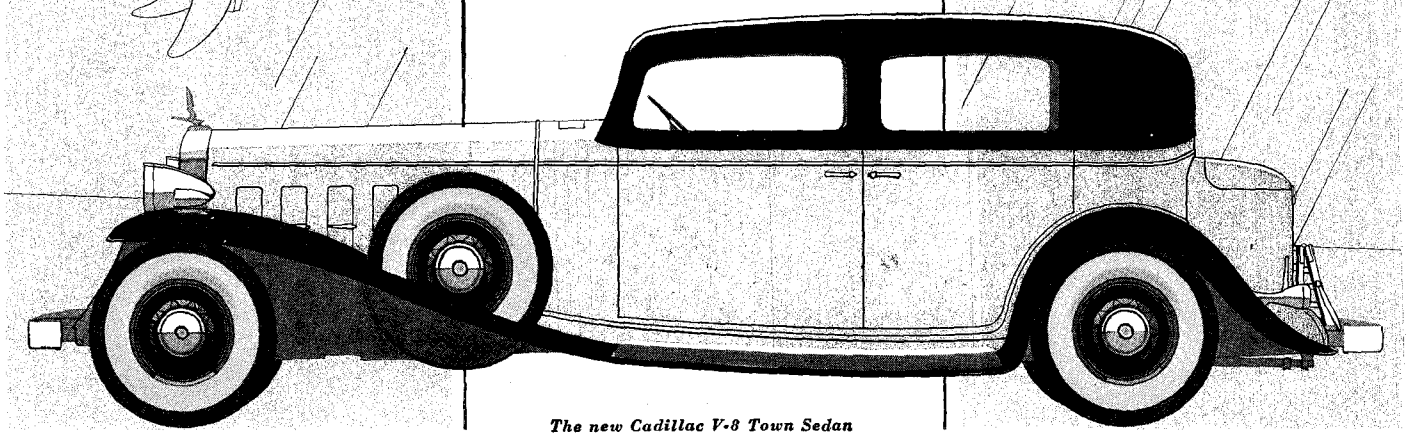

The new Cadillac V-8 Town Sedan

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THE TIRE THAT TAUGHT THRIFT TO MILLIONS

EXTRA VALUES! This is your positive guarantee when you buy Firestone products. For, Firestone concentrate their entire world-wide resources in building complete lines of quality tires, tubes, batteries, brake lining, spark plugs and accessories for sale through Firestone Service Stores and Service Dealers.

Firestone do not manufacture tires under special brand names for mail order houses and others to distribute. Special brand tires are made without the manufacturer's name. They are sold without his guarantee or responsibility for service.

Firestone manufacture complete lines of tires for their Service Stores and Service Dealers. Each line is designated by tread design and name. The quality and construction of each Firestone line excel that of special brand mail order tires sold at the same prices.

Firestone Oldfield Type tires are made with the construction features of Gum-Dipping—Two Extra Cord Plies Under the Tread—and Quiet, Safe, Long-Wearing Non-Skid Tread.

Call on the Firestone Service Dealer in your community. He will show you sections cut from Firestone Tires, special brand mail order tires, and others. See the Extra Values you get in Firestone Tires at prices no higher than special brand tires.

COMPARE CONSTRUCTION, QUALITY *and* PRICE

Make of Car	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
Ford, Chevrolet	4.40-21	$4.79	$9.30
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.35	10.38
Ford	4.50-21	5.43	10.54
Ford, Chevrolet, Whippet	4.75-19	6.33	12.32
Erskine, Plymouth	4.75-20	6.43	12.48
Chandler, De Soto, Dodge, Durant, Gr. Paige, Pontiac, Roosevelt, Willys-K.	5.00-19	6.65	12.90
Essex, Nash	5.00-20	$6.75	13.10
Essex, Nash, Olds'bile	5.00-21	6.98	13.54
Buick-M, Chevrolet, Olds'bile	5.25-18	7.53	14.60
Buick, Studeb'r, Auburn, Jordan, Reo, Studeb'r, Gardner, Marmon, Oakland, Peerless	5.25-21	8.15	15.82
	5.50-18	8.35	16.20
	5.50-19	8.48	16.46
Chrysler, Studeb'r, Viking	6.00-18	10.65	20.66
Franklin, Studeb'r, Hudson, Hup'bile	6.00-19	10.85	21.04
La Salle, Packard	6.00-20	10.95	21.24
Pierce-Arrow	6.00-21	11.10	21.54
Buick	6.00-22	11.60	22.50
Stutz	6.50-20	12.65	24.54
Cadillac, Lincoln, Packard	7.00-20	14.65	28.42

Truck *and* Bus Tires

Tire Size — Heavy Duty	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
30x5	15.45	$29.96
32x6	26.50	51.00
34x7	36.40	70.60
36x8	51.65	100.20
6.00-20	14.50	28.14
6.50-20	16.30	31.62
7.50-20	26.45	51.60
9.00-20	46.50	90.40
9.75-20	61.65	120.00

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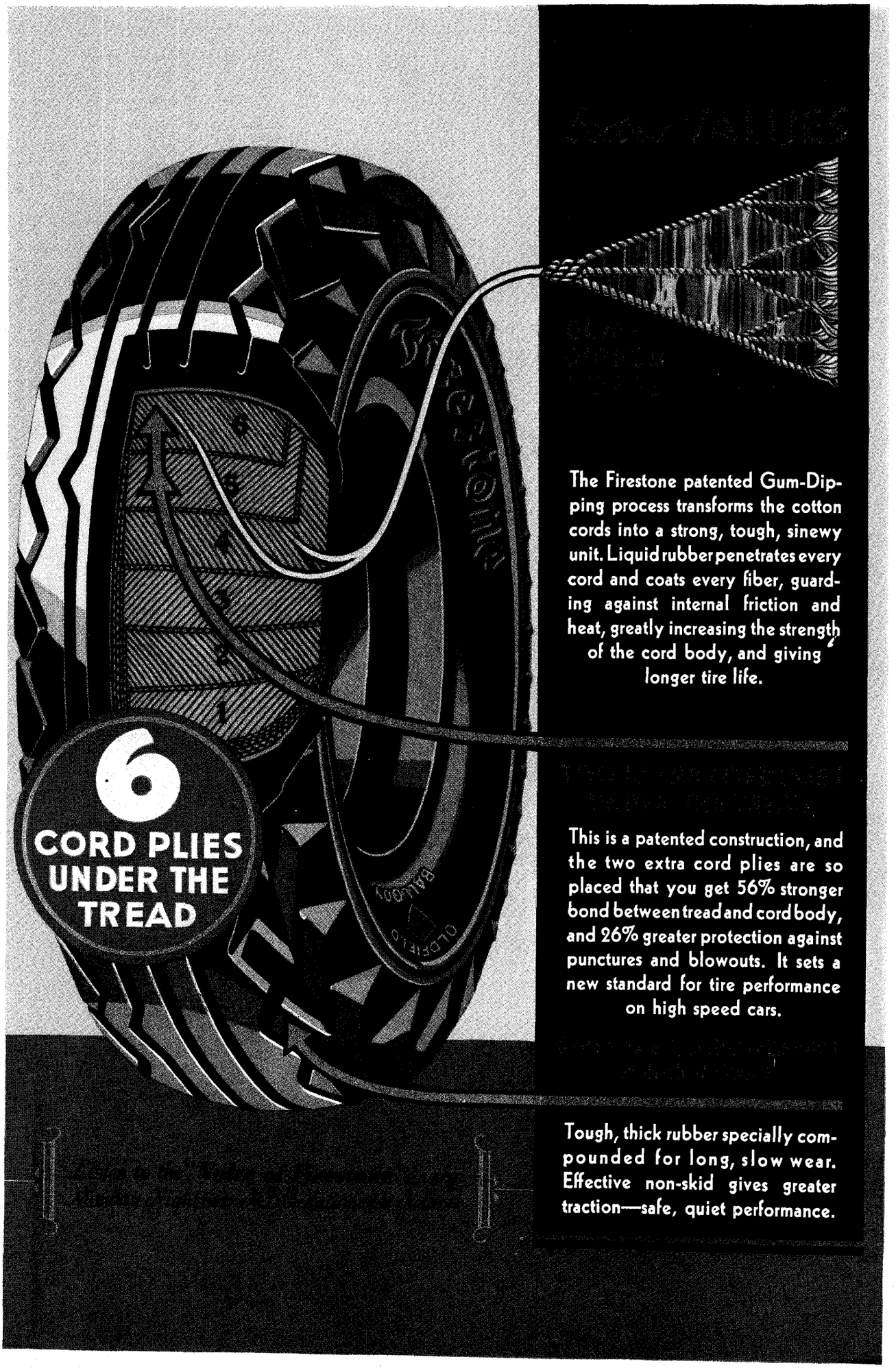

The Firestone patented Gum-Dipping process transforms the cotton cords into a strong, tough, sinewy unit. Liquid rubber penetrates every cord and coats every fiber, guarding against internal friction and heat, greatly increasing the strength of the cord body, and giving longer tire life.

This is a patented construction, and the two extra cord plies are so placed that you get 56% stronger bond between tread and cord body, and 26% greater protection against punctures and blowouts. It sets a new standard for tire performance on high speed cars.

Tough, thick rubber specially compounded for long, slow wear. Effective non-skid gives greater traction—safe, quiet performance.

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

A RENDERING of Horace's Ode, number 30 in the third book, shows the old Roman no materialist. Printed in the London *Spectator:*

NON OMNIS MORIAR

By E. B. W. CHAPPELOW

Not all of me will die, not all of me
Pass hence to unrelieved oblivion;
Some quintessential spark must needs break free
And soar and seek and touch at last the sun.
Else were the very breath of life a liar,
Which hath thereof, since my first sentient hour,
Instinctive been a certitude, a star,
  a motive unto action, and a power.
How otherwise could viewless poesy
Prick me to render things invisible
  Half glimpsed through magic phrases, how and
    why
Urge me unresting, bind me with a spell,
To echo forth, tho' faint, scarce audible even,
The ultimate music of the heart of heaven?

ONE will not guarantee the ornithological fact here stated, but the writer is sure. The lines sing merrily in *The Harp* (Augusta, Kan.):

CAGED GYPSY

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

I am a gypsy
  Caught in a cage
Because you were not—
  Cursed with age,

Because your speech
  Was laughter-starred,
And your eyes were blue,
  And your shoulder hard

Caught in the cage
  Of love by you.
Oh, I'll be happy!
  I'll be true.

The road may call,
  But I'll not hear,
Because your lips
  Are at my ear.

When a wild bird's caught,
  There's one sure thing:
He'll sing as tame birds
  Never could sing.

THE satirist of *The New Statesman and Nation* hits off the ironic situation in the Far East:

COMFORT FROM CHINA

By MACFLECKNOE

How comforting for the Chinese
  In their unlucky situation,
While bombs and shells from air and seas
  Spread round them death and desolation,
To have it made extremely plain
That by no act of war they're slain;
'Tis simply that the Japs maintain
  Their preference for direct negotiation!

How comforting for "Member States"
  (All deeply pledged to end aggression)
To read each cable that relates
  Fresh tales of slaughter and oppression,
And know that there has been, in fact,
No breach of Covenant or Pact,
Such as might call on them to act
  And reconcile their practice and profession!

How comforting for *us* to know
  That if, to end our toils and pleasures,
A rain of bombs should some day blow
  To bits ourselves and household treasures,
It will not be for lack of law,
But that (as at Shanghai we saw)
The line is sometimes hard to draw
  'Twixt war and mere precautionary measures!

NATURE suffers no depression, and retreat to it is often the salvation of man. This in the Chicago *Daily Tribune:*

RETREAT

By "EOLUS" [E. O. LAUGHLIN]

Today I shall pack up and leave the city.
  It's through with me, and I am through with it.
My dreams, desires—all but my vain self-pity,
  I toss them, willy nilly, in my kit.

I'm tired of all these weary smiling faces
  And tearless, anguished eyes that stare and
    stare;
I'm sick of seeing things and going places,
  I'm surfeited with striving not to care.

There is a woodland world that I remember,
  A world back yonder, miles and years away;
A world, snow-bound and silent in December,
  That wakes to youth and melody in May.

A world where naught pretends and nothing poses,
  And smiles are not a mask for hearts that long,
Where Nature paints the petals of the roses,
  And joy of life provokes the birds to song.

There is a spring that rises in a mountain,
  A brook that rushes seaward down a glen,
And there are children playing by the fountain,
  And longing in their young hearts to be men.

I shall go back and warn them of the ocean,
  Whose surging waters welcome and efface,
And of the city's turbulent commotion,
  Where yearning youth is lost without a trace.

HERE are trees that one never hears of, unless one happens to be a son of the British Empire. In *The Morning Post* (London):

WILDER WOODS

By "O. L."

[Seventy different kinds of Empire-grown timber will be exhibited shortly at the Imperial Institute. Among them are Red Els, Assegai, Bombonefene, Crow's Ash, and Thinwin.]

Weary of furniture made of mahogany,
  Bored with a lacquer on satinwood sleek;
How the trim walnut veneer seems to dog any
  Seeker for solider woods—such as teak.

Catalogues all of them specify frantic'ly
  Oak that is finished in various styles;
We, who have traveled the Empire, romantic'ly
  Long for the woods from its uttermost isles.

Give me Bombonefene (chisel it cunningly),
  Red Els and Assegai, each a delight,
Crow's Ash and Thinwin—the names trip so
    runningly
  Over a tongue that is tired of the trite.

Carven wood ornaments, chairs for reclining in,
  Wardrobes and shelves rising tier upon tier,
Bring all the Empire to rooms we are dining in,
  Link us with lands that are distant and dear.

SMALL things in nature that arouse not awe but affection deserve their commemoration. In *The Commonweal* (New York):

LITTLE RIVERS

By JOHN STEVEN MCGROARTY

Little rivers that dews have made
  From bramble bushes and forest tree
And morning mists in a grassy glade,
  They are the rivers dear to me.

There is boast of power in mighty streams
  That bear great ships to the waiting seas,
But little rivers are made for dreams
  And the heart's stored treasure of memories.

They know not travail of toil or grief,
  But lightly voyage in sun and shower
The galleon of a fallen leaf
  And bright-hued sails of a wind-blown flower.

They are here and there, and I know them well—
  Better than anyone else I know
There is blossom of fadeless asphodel
  Wherever the little rivers flow.

SO many things fail us, even clocks apparently are in conspiracy with the rest of life. So *Troubadour* (Harbison Canyon, Calif.) would persuade us:

AGAINST CLOCKS

By AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

Put not your trust in clocks, I say
For clocks are faithless fellows,
Begrudging further stint of day
Poor lads before the gallows!

Such tedious talkers, tick on tick,
Their discourse is the bane
Of persons lying parched and sick,
For they inform the pain

How long it's pulse, how long 'twill run
Before it finds surcease
At last. When fevered nights are done,
When there is light and peace.

They set a swift, impatient pace
With a beguiling chime.
I've known one wear the straightest face
And tell the falsest time.

Once on a hill-top wreathed with flower,
In thyme and sun-sweet clover,
A clock's face, leaning from a tower,
Espied me and my lover:

Two, having neither dials nor charts
To count the minutes by,
With but the beating of their hearts
To gauge eternity.

Affronted, then it told the town,
It drove its engines hard
And fast—It would not throttle down
Their fury, nor retard

Their haste. When love lay like a seed
Sown deeply, silently,
It still ticked on,—nor seemed to heed
That time had stopped for me.

WE read this fantasy on death in a volume named "Pantomime" (John Lane, the Bodley Head, Ltd., London), but no title for the verses:

By CHRISTINE WILSON

I dreamed and came to death.
Torches flared to so great a light
I thought the night a carnival
But it was silent.
Nothing moved except the torches' flames
Fanned by the darkness.
I saw that eyes were closed,
White faces showed
Sharp as the torches
Against the blackness.
In a crystal I saw my face,
White fallen lids,
And behind me the blackness.
How could so much blackness be
With so much light?
I looked at death through lids
And knew no answer;
I had left a dream,
Life was darkness and death a flame.
Then one came with closed eyes
And spoke to me of lost love
And I who had stopped dreaming
Had no remembrance.
Then another came and took my hand
And led me a little way into the darkness.
But we returned to the flaming torches
And I lost remembrance.
No other came
And in great weariness I slept
Beneath the torches.

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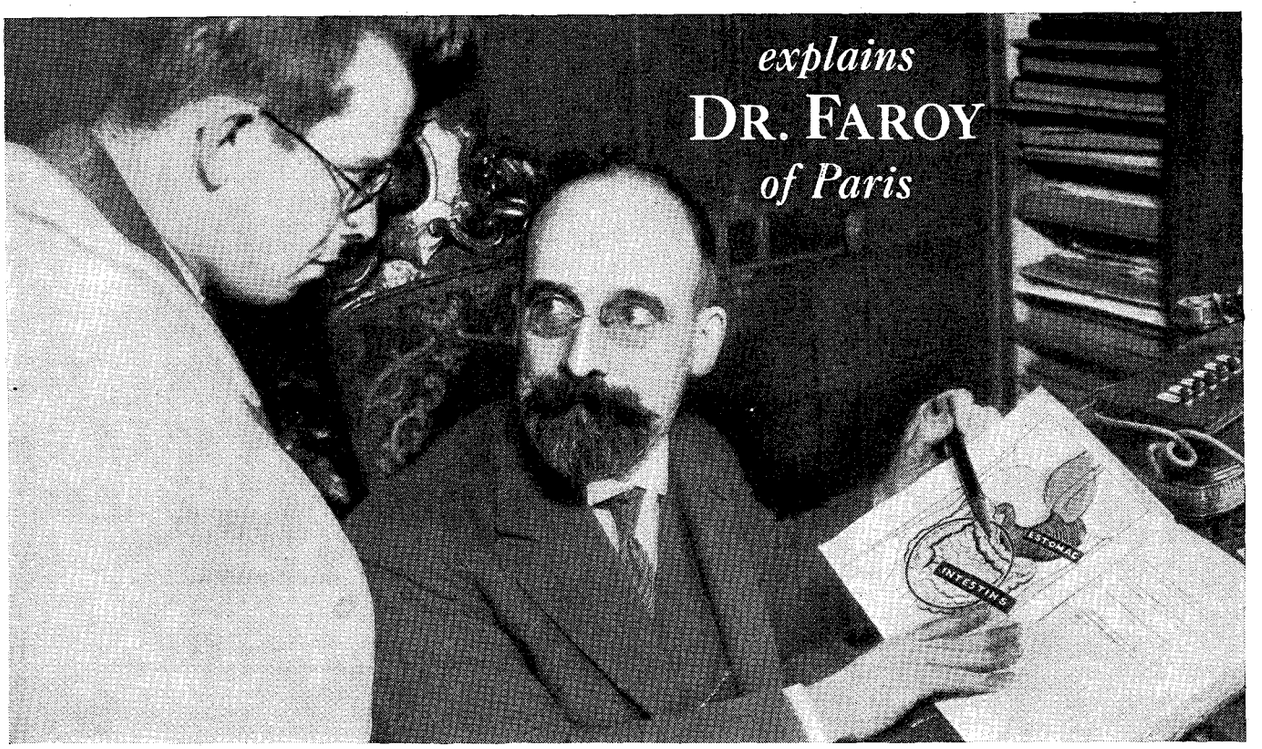
Coated tongue is usually a sign of constipation. Correct this trouble with fresh yeast, doctors advise.

"COATED TONGUE

—that's a symptom of self-poisoning!"



In such cases, declares this Noted Authority, *"I advise . . . fresh yeast"*

THAT white, coated tongue of yours. It's a signal of bodily distress. *Heed it!*

That's the advice leading doctors — including world-famous medical authorities—are now giving.

For instance—here is the statement of Dr. Georges Faroy, author of the famous "Digestive Therapeutics" (1928). Dr. Faroy is head of the department for internal diseases in the great Hôpital Beaujon, Paris. He says:—

"Poisons that collect in the intestines destroy vitality, health . . . Headaches, coated tongue, indigestion and a general loss of vitality are . . . symptoms . . .

"I advise people suffering from these . . . ailments to take fresh yeast . . . not to resort to cathartics and laxative drugs. I know no safer means for permanently overcoming constipation."

If you would "tone up" your system and keep it free of the poisons that lead to coated tongue, bad breath, bad skin, etc., try Fleischmann's Yeast!

Just eat it regularly, 3 cakes every day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (a third of a glass). Why not add it to your diet today?

DR. STRASSER, physician-in-chief of a famous Austrian sanatorium, states: "Fresh yeast has a revitalizing effect on devitalized intestinal muscles."

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind doctors advise! At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Write for booklet. Dept. Y-DD-6, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N. Y. C.

"EXTRA WORK together with my studies made a very full schedule," *writes* Miss Ethel A. Anderson, *of New York*. "It used up so much of my energy that . . . I felt very run-down. I often had headaches. My system felt sluggish.

"I read . . . how great European doctors were recommending Fleischmann's Yeast . . . I began eating it. Now I have no more headaches. My strength . . . came back . . . Yeast cleared up my complexion beautifully."

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Courtesy of *The American Weekly*

Interested | Smiles | Grins | Titters | Guffaws

How Old Dobbin Gives You a "Horse Laugh"

How Animals Laugh

WE HAVE ALL HEARD OF A "HORSE-LAUGH," also of the "laughing hyena"; perhaps even of the little tropical bird called a "laughing jackass," from its astonishing vocal performances.

These, however, are but chance resemblances, and would appear to have nothing to do with feelings of pleasure or amusement.

Animals do express these feelings in their own ways; many of them have little to do with the sounds and bodily movements of human laughter.

As we might expect, the large apes come closest to man in this respect. Recent thought and discovery on the subject are summarized in an article contributed to *The American Weekly* (New York), part of which we quote. The writer says:

"Can anything make a horse laugh? Proverbs aside, the pictures herewith seem to answer yes, at least for the one horse who posed for these pictures. But scientists are not so sure.

"Perhaps animals do laugh, as this horse seems to be doing. Certainly some animals are able to feel and express emotions like those exprest in human laughter. But just how much of what mankind would call a sense of humor horses or other animals can boast is still something of a mystery.

"Like the proverbial 'horse sense,' the idea of a horse laughing may be a delusion; for horses have far less 'sense' on the average, than elephants, apes, dogs, or even mules.

"Certainly, many of the animals supposed to be laughing are doing nothing of the kind. There is, for example, the 'laughing hyena.' Actually, this animal is a sad and sober beast. It merely happens that its cry sounds like some one laughing loud and long.

"Still more absurd is the creature called the 'laughing jackass,' which is a kind of bird blest or curst by nature with a voice that sounds like a braying jackass in the throes of maniacal mirth.

"Uncritical observers of animals have recorded the supposed laughter of dogs, cows, calves, elephants, foxes, and at least a score of other animals, but it is probable that most of these instances, if not all of them, are mere human illusions. It is different, however, with apes, for there is convincing evidence that at least the two kinds of apes most like man, the chimpanzee and the orang-utan, can laugh and feel amused in much the same way as human beings."

CURIOUSLY enough, the chief thing that seems to stir the risibility of these young apes is precisely what has the surest effect on human babies. This is to tickle the animal in the ribs. Full-grown apes may resent this, unless the tickler is an old friend, but a baby chimpanzee or orang-utan may be tickled gently by almost anybody, and will laugh and crow almost exactly like a human baby. But:

"To conclude, as most of the animal psychologists do, that apes are the only animals, except man, which actually laugh, does not dispose of the question about an animal's sense of humor.

"Animals may have other ways of expressing amusement or pleasure. And now scientific opinion is on the side of the animals, for naturalists have pointed out innumerable instances in which animals of many kinds evidently feel and express pleasure and amusement, but do so in different ways.

"The commonest example, perhaps, is the purring of the cat. Cats, after they pass the kitten age, seem to be exceptionally serious animals. Yet the cat's pur undoubtedly is an expression of pleasure, corresponding, for example, to the contented smile with which a human being sinks into a comfortable chair.

"Miss Frances Pitt, the Englishwoman who has contributed so many valuable observations to scientists' knowledge of the ways and minds of animals, is authority for the statement that otters play with each other actively, like laughing children, and even nip each other's tails harmlessly, or play on each other pranks which human beings would describe as practical jokes. The expression of pleasure in all this, however, Miss Pitt describes not as laughter but as a bright, sparkling expression in the eyes, something which often accompanies human amusement.

"But perhaps the most curious way of expressing pleasure displayed by any animal is described by Dr. Milton J. Greenman of the Wistar Institute, in Philadelphia, as characteristic of tame white rats.

"These rats, Dr. Greenman states, express pleasure by clicking their teeth. Possibly the rat's method of laughing may be related by some remote evolutionary link to the human laughter's habit of opening and shutting the mouth while emitting loud noises."

Ore Puffed Like Rice

HUGE chunks of iron ore are stuffed with steam and blown to pieces as if they were grains of wheat or oats being made into breakfast food, in a new metallurgical process, which may become a wide-spread and money-saving method of treating ores, it was revealed at the meeting of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers in New York. Says a report from Science Service (Washington):

"R. S. Dean, chief engineer of the metallurgical division of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, and John Gross, metallurgist of the Bureau, who discovered the process, described it before the engineering society. Preliminary investigations have disclosed that their method requires little expense and labor, and they believe that it may work something of a revolution in mining.

"Zinc and iron ores have been successfully shattered. The pores and crevices of the ore are first impregnated with water, then the ore is heated under pressure until the water turns to steam. When the pressure is suddenly released, the lumps of ore tear apart under the force of the expanding steam just as small grains of wheat are blown into large fluffy particles.

"The Bureau is planning experiments on a larger scale, it was said. Fuel expense for treating ore in this fashion has been estimated to be only five cents per ton of ore treated, when the cost of coal is two dollars per ton. The process means the salvaging of materials formerly discarded, Mr. Dean said."

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NEGLECT IS YOUR HEALTH'S WORST ENEMY

Are YOU Guilty?

YOU probably are! . . . Your doctor cannot seek you out and offer you his help. The ethics of his profession forbid that.

All he can do is to wait for your summons.

He is prepared, not only to help those who are actually ill, but also to prevent illness in those who are apparently well.

Why call upon him NOW? Here are reasons:

1. Millions of men and women are well, but not so well as they might be. You may not actually be sick but at the same time you may not be enjoying buoyant health. An examination by your family doctor is the best possible way to get the utmost out of your good health possibilities.

2. Physically and psychologically, you are an *individual.* A health examination will enable your doctor to learn your constitution, temperament, and tendencies. If you should become ill, this knowledge will be of great help to him. The more he knows about you the more he can help you.

3. You probably have certain weak spots in your health-armor. Your doctor can find these spots and strengthen them *before* disease attacks you.

4. Disease germs are everywhere. You can't avoid contact with them. But your doctor can take certain steps to protect you against contagious diseases.

5. You may have a number of fears about your physical health which are real to you, but which your physician may prove actually baseless. Many of us make ourselves ill by useless worry.

Neglect is your health's worst enemy. The most important step in the battle is to go to your doctor before he has to come to you.

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The World's Largest Makers
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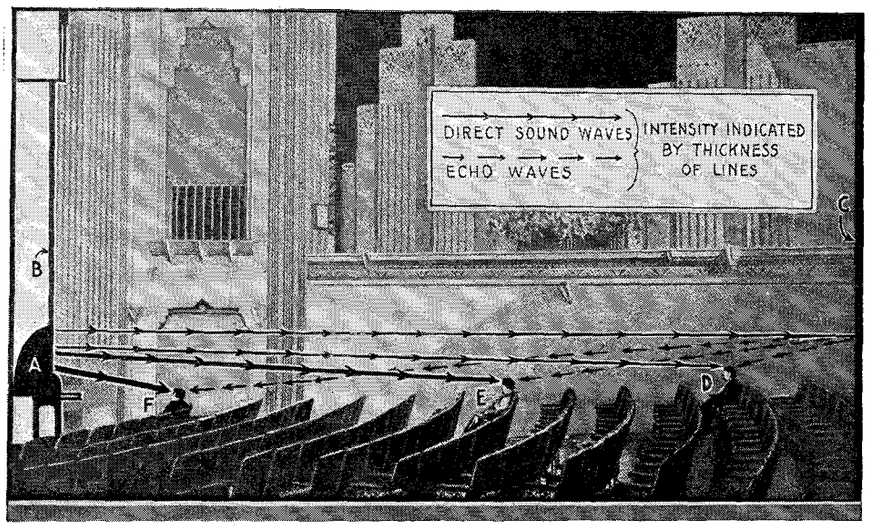
Right and Wrong Books for the Sick

DIFFERENT MALADIES REQUIRE different books, just as they demand different remedies.

Many modern books filled with murder, suicide, morbid philosophy, family squabbles, and the general futility of living are not exactly the kind likely to help a sick person back to health.

Most hospital librarians are not blind to that side of their work. Patients in prison hospitals do not regale themselves with tales of how criminals outwit the police.



Courtesy of *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago)

Where to Sit at the Talkies

Arrows indicate how sound waves echo in the talkie theater, showing that persons seated at front or rear are likely to hear better than those near the middle.

But more can be done. In *The American Journal of Public Health* (Boston), Miss Catherine Poyas Walker of Atlanta, Georgia, Librarian of the Fourth Corps Area, U. S. Army, suggests the compilation of a book on "psychological symptomatology"—on the mental symptoms of various diseases—to aid the hospital librarian in book selection.

Interest, Miss Walker thinks, is the first requisite in all curative reading. Indeed, unless a book creates interest, it is greatly to be questioned whether it will have therapeutic qualities. While the seldom-reading patient is probably easily satisfied, the voracious and sophisticated reader, accustomed to large collections of books, and frequently resenting suggestions, often presents a more serious problem. She goes on:

"A book which may be helpful, or at least harmless, in one ward, may be very harmful in another.

"There are obvious blanket rules for book selection in various hospitals; for instance, in the penitentiary hospitals, mystery, crime, and detective stories are usually banned; in mental hospitals, the mere mention of the word 'crazy,' however apparently harmless its context, may have an unfortunate effect; tuberculous patients should have cheerful books; and so forth. Concerning the books themselves, in general, those dwelling upon and describing disease, ill or deformed characters, must be avoided; to some patients the subject of finance is one of great matter, and even humorous accounts of attempts to secure money may not seem amusing to them.

"One man's humor is another man's grief, and the same caution applies to the 'cheerful' books—there is usually nothing more annoying to patients than an enforcedly and persistently cheerful book or person. The old-fashioned novel demanded by some readers will not be tolerated by others. On the other hand, the hospital might find its curative purpose rather defeated if the librarian gave its patients certain modern novels, the trend of which would seem to be the utter futility of living.

"A book with a persistent dwelling on sex is not usually conducive to good health. Introspective books, those dealing with family squabbles, marital difficulties, suicides, gruesome and horrible details, problems of various sorts, and religion are dangerous topics to present to some readers, who may be shut up in one small room for an indefinite period. For instance, one very ill patient to whom a kind-hearted friend gave a copy of 'Dracula,' suffered from increased temperature and sleeplessness after reading it.

"The casual reading of a book is not sufficient to determine its fitness for a hospital. For instance, a covered-wagon novel of the Western march of a family and caravan appeared to be excellent hospital material, being well told; but suddenly toward the end the author described the birth of a baby. While, for hospital readers, there is nothing harmful in that of itself, and there was no undue dwelling upon clinical details, yet the fact that anxiety over a missing husband, and lack of care to the mother, made her become 'addled,' would make this book dubious reading for a maternity ward, or a psychoneurotic patient, and would quite overcome the pleasant outdoor interest of the early chapters.

"With the object of restoring patients as rapidly as possible, through entertainment, recreation, and fellowship, hospital library books must by selected with the greatest care, and in addition the hospital librarian must give individual diagnosis to the reading prescription, and thought, not only to the general symptomatology and to the causes responsible for it, but also to the particular needs and fancies of each patient."

Where to Sit at the Talkies

FEW movie patrons, says *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago), know that the position of their seats in many theaters affects the clearness of the sound they will hear from the screen. Says this magazine:

"Except in houses built to muffle echoes, a 'mushy' or blurred sound comes to the ears of those near the middle section.

"It is caused by the fact that sound, delivered from the stage by the loud-speaker, echoes from the rear wall of the theater. The words or music travel to the spectator in the middle of the theater, then bounce off the rear wall and return again to his ears.

"The human ear does not detect the distinct echo, but the interval between the sound and echo is sufficient to cause a slight blurring. This blurring is more noticeable near the middle of the theater than at either front or back.

"The patron seated well forward gets a loud volume from the speaker and an echo so faint as to be imperceptible. The person at the rear receives a lesser volume, but the echo comes so quickly afterward as to be unnoticeable. In a well-filled theater, the mushiness is not so disturbing to the sensitive ear as in one only partly full.

"Theaters built since the advent of the talkies usually are constructed to take care of the echo problem by providing sound traps and broken angles as well as by the use of non-reverberating materials."

Common Sense and the Common Cold

A GOOD dose of common sense—that is the best preventive and the best treatment of the common cold.

This is the opinion of Dr. Leverett D. Bristol, health director of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, as printed in *The Bell Laboratories Record* (New York). He explains himself thus:

"A few fortunate people never have colds, some people have as many as six colds a year, while the large majority of us average at least one cold annually. Colds cause more discomfort and loss of time and money among office and factory workers than any other disease.

"The so-called common cold is caused by a virus or parasite that is spread from one person to another. Altho this parasite is still unknown, it acts apparently by 'pepping up' or making more poisonous the ordinary bacteria that exist in the nose and throat, thus giving rise to inflammation of the membranes of the upper respiratory tract.

"The chief thing you can do to help prevent a cold is to develop good health habits. Remember that as yet there is no

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substance—solid, liquid, vapor, or gas—that may honestly be called a "cold cure," in spite of the fact that some of these may give temporary relief. Favorite home remedies chiefly are of value for the other members of the family rather than for the one who is ill. Temporary relief and comfort for the patient naturally makes others happy and contented.

Vaccines apparently are of value in upward of half the cases in which they are given, particularly in preventing the chronic complications of a cold. They may be worth a trial by those who suffer from repeated colds.

The cold fact about the common cold is that at the present time there is no drug-store or medicine-cabinet "magic" that will prevent or cure it. Common sense, which is only another way of saying good health habits, is the best preventive and the best treatment of the common cold. This prescription of common sense should be taken in large doses day and night, especially from November to May!

Flood-Lighting Ships at Sea

WITHIN a short time every sea-going vessel will be flood-lighted for identification purposes in the same manner that monuments and office buildings are illuminated, according to Samuel G. Hibben, of the Westinghouse Lamp Company.

Mr. Hibben amplified this statement before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers recently at a meeting in New York City. He said, as quoted in a press bulletin issued by the Society:

Every ship afloat to-day has certain characteristics whereby mariners, at a glance, can easily identify the vessel at sea or in any port of the world. Owners design house flags and markings for the funnels of their vessels in order that the lookouts in the various observation stations throughout the world may easily "read" these vessels in daylight; but in the darkness all ships look alike.

Foreign steamship owners were the first to see the opportunity of flood-lighting their vessels. The North German Lloyd liner *Europa* carries a huge electric sign amidships on both sides of the vessel, blazing forth the ship's name. Each letter houses 100 40-watt lamps, and can be seen on the ocean at a distance of five miles. Another recently completed flood-lighting installation is on the Italian liner, *Conde Grande*, whose two illuminated funnels, on which are painted the identification marks of the line, stand out majestically in the surrounding darkness of the night.

The art of illumination on ship or ashore often finds itself overlooked and disregarded, and men are slow in admitting and realizing its tremendous possibilities. From flood-lighting the lofty funnels of a ship to distributing light evenly in the very bottom of its throbbing engine-room, the art of illumination can perform wonders on board any vessel.

Might Hear Some Soup.—In a fashionable restaurant, a new multi-millionaire with no knowledge of French and no desire to expose his ignorance, pointed to a line on the menu and said to the waiter: "I'll have some of that."

"I'm sorry, sir," replied the waiter, "but the band is playing that now."—*Wall Street Journal.*

First Thing in the Morning . . .

3 Cheers *for the* Saline Cocktail!

YOU may be a chronic gloom at 7—but a Saline Cocktail will have you singing and smiling at half past!

Just march into the bathroom when you wake up, and mix yourself this perfect pick-up for flagging spirits.

A teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water is the mixture, and it gives you a joyous send-off that will bolster your spirits.

These before-breakfast cocktails of tomato juice, sauerkraut juice, or orange juice are mighty good for you. They're great. But the healthiest cocktail of them all is the Saline Cocktail!

It takes but thirty minutes—often it's less—for Sal Hepatica to give your entire system a prompt, gentle, thorough cleansing. The bloodstream is purified. Colds, constipation, digestive disorders, rheumatism—all give way to this pleasant, effective saline laxative. It's a blended saline, entirely different from coarse, common salts.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of such celebrated Continental springs as Wiesbaden, Carlsbad, and Aix, where thousands of wealthy men and women renew their health each year.

Buy a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Then—start the saline method tomorrow morning, and watch how quickly gloom and headaches vanish in the sparkling bubbles of a Saline Cocktail!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30¢, 60¢, and $1.20*

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BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. P-32, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Flyers of Fortune in the Far East Conflict

SIX BOMBS IN A ROW nestled in the airplane's bomb-rack like six pineapples on a fruit-stand.

Chang Hui-chang, a small, wiry, boyish man, popularly known as the "Lindbergh of China," and head of the central government air force in the conflict around Shanghai, was ready to take off.

Birger Johnson, the American senior pilot of China Airways, an American commercial organization, returning from a trip along the Yangtze River, had just set down his plane. Chang waved to him to come along.

Mr. Johnson, as he tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine, in a description of what it means to fly over China and of the relative air strengths of China and Japan, climbed in.

The two flyers were off.

Thus we are introduced to General Chang, one of China's aviation pioneers, at a time prior to the Shanghai hostilities. Mr. Johnson's observations are of particular interest now, in view of the situation in the Far East and the exprest desire of a good many United States and Canadian pilots, one of whom has already died in action in China, to have a fling at Oriental adventure.

A 1932 Chinese equivalent of the World War's Lafayette Escadrille is seen by some as a distinct possibility.

Mr. Johnson climbed into General Chang's plane, he tells us as he continues:

I noticed that the bomb-racks were full, and wondered what sort of expedition I had joined. The General wasn't very communicative.

Silently we took off, and headed into Hunan Province.

Below us I could see a group of tents pitched in a field, with perhaps 200 or 300 men gathered about them. Evidently bandits.

The General circled above the tents, and, coming closer to the ground, passed directly over them. I saw one bomb go hurtling down toward the tents, then another and another, until all six had been dropt.

It was perfect marksmanship—too perfect for Gen. Chang Hui-chang's composure. His face was pale as he turned about and headed back for the airdrome.

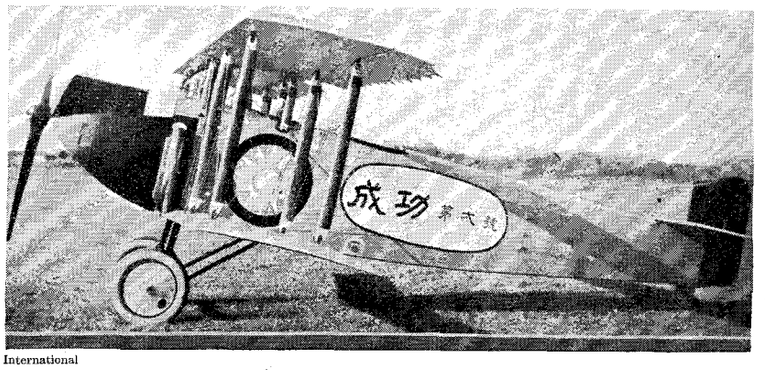
And I have seen other exhibitions of bombing by other Chinese pilots that were every bit as accurate.

Chang was one of the first Chinese to learn to fly.

A small, wiry man, who still retains his boyishness, altho now forty, Chang was sent to America by his Government, in 1912, to attend a school of aviation in San Francisco.

In a short time he was back in China, teaching others the mastery of the air.

Gen. Art Limm, China's second air fighter, took to the air even earlier than Chang. Born in San Francisco, he persuaded the Christoforsen brothers to teach him to fly, in 1911, and when he had mastered the art, he, too, went to China and joined the air corps.



International

A Chinese-Built Plane Ready to Take the Air Against Japan

Western interest in these aces and the service they represent became keener recently when the United States aviator, Robert M. Short, was killed in action against Japanese flyers. And it became stronger still when it became known that that eminent soldier of fortune, Bert Hall of the Lafayette Escadrille, was on his way to China.

In Canada, the Canadian press relates, flying officers retired from service as an economy measure offered to raise and equip two squadrons for service with China. This offer, we read, was regarded at least with interest by those to whom it was made.

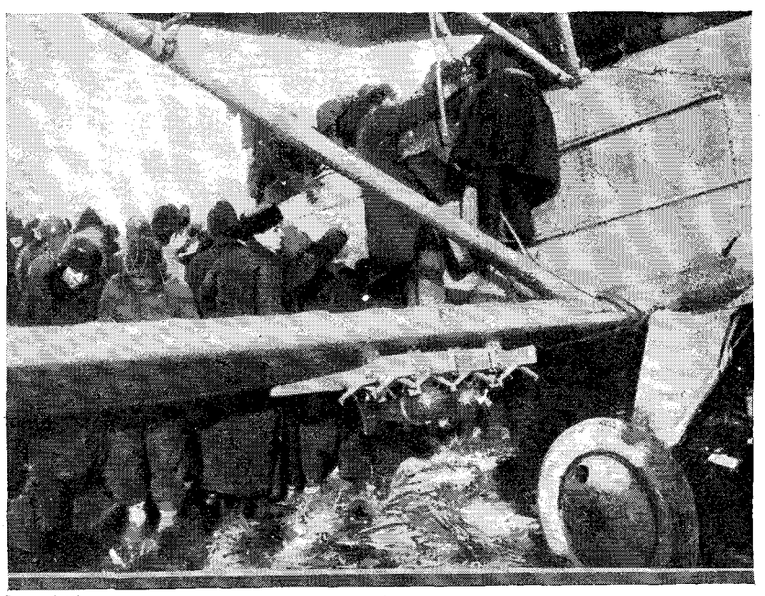
WASHINGTON, says a United Press dispatch, is "being visited by dozens of aviators hoping to sign up for duty in China. Many of them own planes, but nothing else—not even a job." So—

"Could you let me tie my plane down outside the hangar for the night?" one pilot asked an official at Washington-Hoover Airport. "I haven't a penny."

Another wanted to pawn his parachute.

An official asked one of the pilots how he managed to buy gasoline.

"I don't," the flyer replied. "I fly along until I spot a prosperous bunch of farm buildings, and pick out a tractor in the field. Then I land there. I give the farmer a hard-luck story, he drains his tractor and his extra tanks, fills me up, I take him for a little hop, and I'm on my way again."



International

One of Nippon's Fighting Aircraft Brought Down in Action

A crowd of peasants from the surrounding country, drawn by curiosity, swarm over the wonder-provoking metal bird to see, if they can, what it's all about.

FORMATION of a "foreign legion" flying squadron, composed mainly of American aviators, is being actively undertaken in New York, a writer in *The Sun* of that city tells us, continuing:

Funds are being raised by Chinese-Americans to send a complete unit of air fighters to the Chinese front, according to persons familiar with the program outlined by

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the inhabitants of the Pell and Mott Street settlement.

Altho the first plans were for the training of Chinese-Americans as pilots here so they might return to the Far East for service with the military, the trend during the last few days has been to scrap the original idea, purchase fighting planes, and send a complete unit of white flyers.

Thousands of dollars already have been collected from the Chinese merchants and others.

The Chinese, usually very mysterious in their movements, are more secretive than ever about air-fighting plans.

Altho the leaders have remained as mute as a statue, and have refused to discuss the program, it was learned reliably that a New York Chinese, influential with the dominating powers in the Far East, had crossed the Pacific, and is now negotiating for additional funds with which to swing the airplane deals in this country.

Chinese in New York, it was learned, are daily expecting word from their envoy on the results of his conferences, and upon his report will rest the decision on which program will be carried out immediately—the training of young Chinese as war flyers or the dispatching of a foreign unit, fully equipped and trained.

If the Chinese decide to send a fully equipped white squadron to the front, the unit will have the latest and fastest military planes built in this country at their disposal, it is understood.

The State Department has warned American flyers that they will lose their citizenship for participating, because the United States is a neutral nation. However, the same condition prevailed during the early days of the World War, and yet some of the best air fighters in the Allied forces before 1917 were the youths of the United States who joined the forces of France and Great Britain.

WHAT these adventurous souls will find if their ardor does not flag, and they reach their goal before the hostilities in the Far East end, is described by Mr. Johnson in his *Herald Tribune* article. He speaks out of two years' experience as senior pilot for China Airways, from which service he has recently returned to this country to write of his adventures. Before he left China, he tells us, Chang offered him command of a squadron.

Writing of the relative air strengths of China and Japan, he tells us:

Roughly speaking, China has a total of 300 airplanes, 500 pilots, and 2,000 men. This includes the entire air force—Army, Navy, marine, national guard, reserves, and private owned. She probably could scare up a few more from other provincial war-lords, rebels, and bandits.

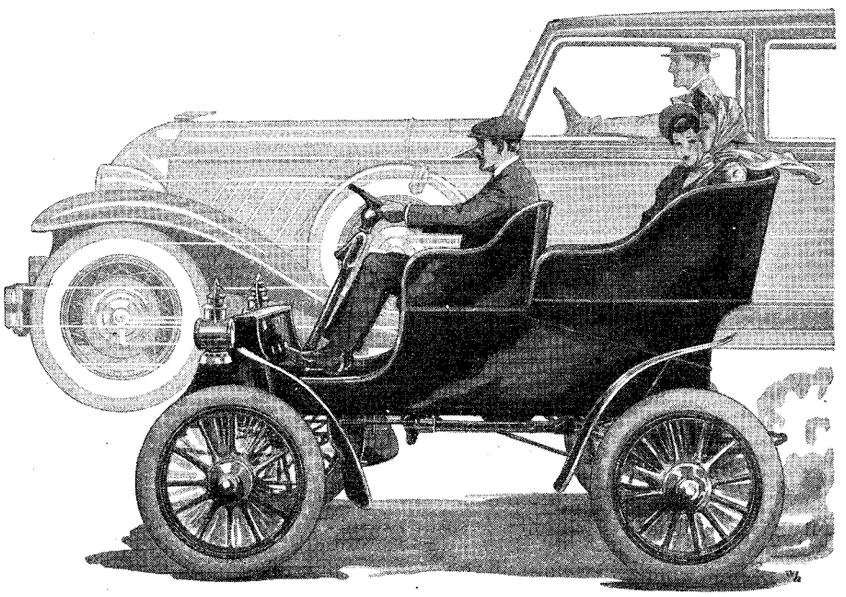
The air armada consists of every conceivable type of plane—pursuit, attack, observation, bombers, and amphibions, seaplanes, multi- and single-motored transports, training-ships and hedge-hoppers.

Most of these planes have been built in foreign countries—America, France, Germany, England, Italy, Russia, Holland, Belgium, and Japan.

The Mikado's air force consists of 350 pursuit fighters, 400 observation planes, 50 light bombers, and 25 heavy bombers, with a personnel of 2,100 pilots and 8,000 men.

In addition, the Navy is said to have an almost equal number of planes, with more

The 1902 Model



. . . a great car *in 1902*

IT RAN. It gave service. Its owners were satisfied. But that was in 1902—

Since that day public demand for low price, performance, and economy in operation has taxed engineering and scientific skill to produce each year a greater model than the last.

The 1932 model is the last word in economical automotive transportation. It represents the greatest dollar value ever offered in motor car history—low price, greater performance and low operating cost.

Are you driving an older model? If so, you owe it to yourself to take an inventory in values. Count up the cost of your repairs and replacements for the past few months.

Then consult your dealer—see the 1932 model. Consider its many economy virtues. Get the details of Commercial Credit's deferred payment plan and compare your present upkeep costs with the required monthly payments.

You will agree, we think, that the true economy in automotive transportation today is the 1932 model plus Commercial Credit Service.

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WHEREVER YOU ARE • WHATEVER YOU MAKE, SELL OR BUY • INVESTIGATE COMMERCIAL CREDIT SERVICE •

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Yes . . but which laxative?

You complain of a headache. No pep. Just don't feel right. "Guess I'll take a laxative," you say.

But which laxative? Isn't it only common sense to take the one which most nearly duplicates Nature's own way of acting? That's Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative.

Ex-Lax meets the Doctor's requirements

A laxative, says the doctor, should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush food through the stomach, it should not disturb digestion.

It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

It should be mild and gentle.

It should not gripe.

It should not be habit-forming.

No secret about Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax checks on every point!

Ex-Lax is a special scientific formula for the pleasant relief of constipation. Its only medicinal ingredient is phenolphthalein—a laxative universally recognized by physicians.

And it is the special Ex-Lax formula, combining a delicious chocolated base with phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—that accounts for the fine results that millions get from Ex-Lax.

Don't gamble—get Ex-Lax

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action—naturally and surely. It exercises the intestines—it does not force them! It does not gripe—nor is it habit-forming.

If you are taking the wrong kind of laxative now, get Ex-Lax tonight. At all drug stores, 10c, 25c, 50c. Or mail coupon for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

—the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170 V 332
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me a free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

than 9,000 officers and enlisted men. There are also three aircraft carriers, with a fourth nearing completion; of these China has none.

THUS, as we see, the advantage, in personnel, equipment, and training, seems to rest with Japan. But do not leap too hastily at conclusions. On the other hand, according to Mr. Johnson:

Altho the Chinese don't have numbers or equipment on their side, they do have allies which, at this time of the year, are even more powerful. First, they have the elements—the fogs, the prevailing winds, and the depth of water in the Yangtze River. Second, they have the topography of the country.

China is probably thanking her lucky Confucius right now that she has been a slow, non-progressive nation, and has not built any modern overland transportation routes into her rich interior. Beyond Nanking there are no railroads which the Japanese could use for the mass movement of troops and supplies, and no good roads.

If the Japanese are to move vast numbers of men and war materials to the interior of China, they must depend upon their fleet and the Yangtze River.

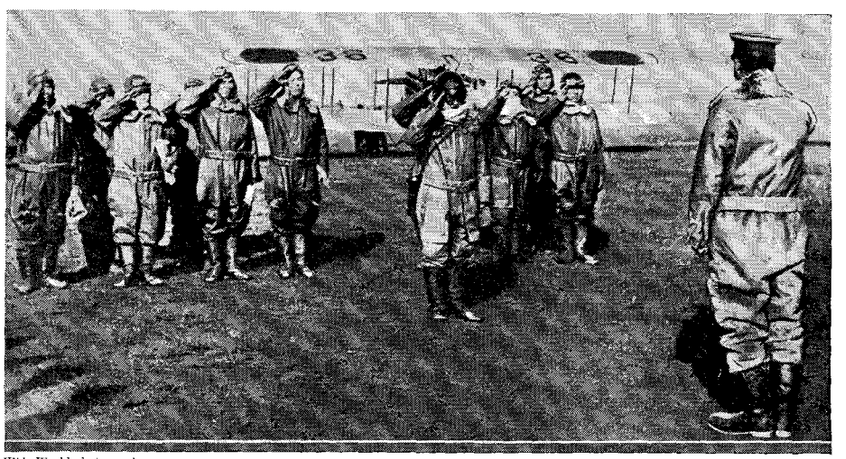
And here the Yangtze comes to China's aid. It offers a highly important natural barricade to the movement of Japan's fleet and troop transports.

Right now the river is more shallow than at any other time during the year—the water varies about forty-five feet in depth from winter to summer—and none of Japan's men-of-war, and probably none of her transport carriers, can proceed much beyond Nanking.

But by the middle of May the fogs will have lifted, the Yangtze will be deep enough to permit large men-of-war and airplane carriers to ascend the river, and even the prevailing north wind will be a thing of the past.

Of course, should hostilities continue, China probably would utilize the months before the middle of May for the planting of mines and depth bombs in the Yangtze and the overhauling of her fortifications, and thus delay the arrival of a hostile fleet.

With the end of spring, however, Japan's greatly superior strength in the air would make itself felt, and this superiority is terrific.



Wide World photograph

The Bomb Squad Ready to Take Off for a Raid

Japanese airmen reporting to their commander before a flight. It was patrols such as this that did great damage during the fighting at Shanghai.

The Olympic Dress Rehearsal

THERE'S something doing every minute in the sports world this year.

The winter Olympics are over.

The indoor track season has been illumined by the brilliant performances of Venzke, Spitz, Lermond, Sexton, McCluskey, and their fleet, agile comrades.

But more is to come. Outdoor track meets in plenty will thrill the fans; and ahead, as a climax, is the prospect of the Olympic games in Los Angeles in August.

But before this, the world's big sports show, there are the numerous tryouts.

These, in general, will follow the college track season and will be so distributed over the country as to give almost all sections a chance to witness Olympic competition.

PERHAPS the dates of some of these events will be of interest. So here are some of them, as listed by Lawrence Perry in a Consolidated Press dispatch:

On June 24-29 the track and field athletes of the East will hold a tryout in Harvard Stadium at Cambridge.

Rowing tests for all but eight-oared crews will be held on the Schuylkill River at Philadelphia, July 1-4.

Chicago will be the scene of the semi-final Eastern track and field trials on July 8-9. On the same dates the Western semi-final tryouts will be held at Long Beach, California.

Cincinnati will see the final swimming test for men on July 14-17.

Gymnasts who are to represent the United States at Los Angeles will be selected in a final meet in New York City on July 15.

On July 15 the final track and field tryouts will be staged at Palo Alto.

July 15-16 will see the holding of the final boxing trials at Chicago.

Pacific-coast yachts will sail trial races at Los Angeles July 16-20. And there, also, on July 23 the finals in tumbling, rope-climbing, and Indian clubs will be held.

Diving finals and final events in water-polo go to Pasadena, July 18-23.

Final yachting tryouts will be held on the Los Angeles course July 23-27, and at this time the final road-cycling tests will be held on the Olympic course.

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Trials of a Transatlantic Hello-Girl

"BERMUDA speaking."

The voice that had traveled so far came clearly and distinctly through the telephone receiver in New York with a faintly Cockney twang.

"Hello, Bermuda. How are you this afternoon?" the girl at the switchboard asked.

"Very well, thank you. It's tea time, and I'm just about to have my tea."

"Of course," said the quiet, neat, little woman in the New York telephone office, who was explaining the switchboard girl's operations to a visitor, "Bermuda is just a step away.

"I'm sorry it's too late for London or Paris—it's nine o'clock there now. But here is Buenos Aires." A hand did something with a plug or two, and a Spanish voice, masculine, spoke.

He was spelling a name in the American telephone manner, and the "S for Samuel, N for Nathan, O for Oscar" sounded strange in those honeyed accents, according to Ruth Seinfel who was an interested onlooker, and who records in the New York *Evening Post* her interview with a super-hello-girl. Pursuing this account:

"They have all learned to spell by analogy. We never try to pronounce some of the names we get," and Miss Grace P. Kelly, the chief operator of the trans-oceanic telephone service, fetched a volume from a rack which contained telephone directories of important foreign cities.

"The German firm names are bad enough, but the Swedish ones are the worst," Miss Kelly said.

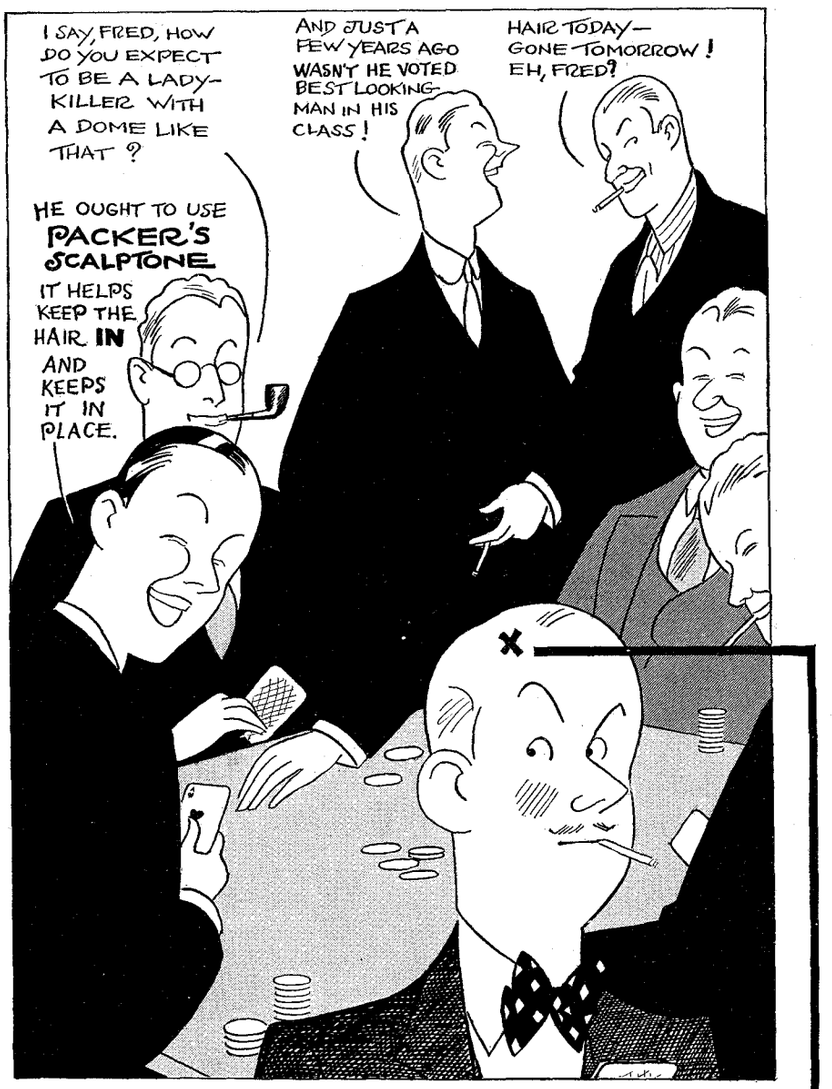
If you want to know what a super-hello-girl looks like, Miss Kelly is as good a sample as you can ask. She has a neat little figure, which can move swiftly and silently across a room or sit in absolute immobility while she is listening. She has a bright, intelligent face, and her ears, half hidden by waved dark hair, are not bigger than any nice pair of ears.

CONVERSATIONS across 3,000 miles of space, between America and Europe, are every-day stuff to the transatlantic telephone operators, Miss Seinfel continues:

It takes a call like the one some time ago between Vancouver, British Columbia, and Melbourne, Australia, to get them excited these days. That is, so far, the longest call on record. It came by land wire from Vancouver to New York, was switched to radio telephone to London, relayed from there to Sydney, Australia, and from there to Melbourne.

The record call for time was 110 minutes. It was a business call from New York to Paris, and cost $1,237.50. The most expensive call, made before the rates were reduced, was a business conversation with London which cost $1,675.

A subscriber may ask for a girl who speaks Italian or German or French. The foreign-service force speak ten languages among them. Calls are usually made in English, but France deigns to speak no language except French, and Italy and Spain don't speak English very well over the telephone. Germany, however, speaks good English.


I SAY, FRED, HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO BE A LADY-KILLER WITH A DOME LIKE THAT ?
AND JUST A FEW YEARS AGO WASN'T HE VOTED BEST LOOKING MAN IN HIS CLASS !
HAIR TODAY— GONE TOMORROW ! EH, FRED?
HE OUGHT TO USE PACKER'S SCALPTONE IT HELPS KEEP THE HAIR IN AND KEEPS IT IN PLACE.

No—nothing will bring back your hair once it's gone. The time to DO SOMETHING about baldness is *before* you are bald.

To keep your scalp healthy, your hair *in* and dandruff *out*—do this:

1. Shampoo at least once a week with Packer's Tar Soap.

For over 60 years doctors have recommended Packer's in the care of the hair and scalp. Packer's contains genuine pine tar—it stimulates the scalp and helps to keep it dandruff-free.

2. Massage daily with Packer's Scalptone.

Scalptone is the first brand new idea in hair tonic-dressings that this generation has seen. *It is really your own prescription for your own hair.*

The secret is in the patent oil-tube feature (see illustration below). If your hair is *dry*, pour as much of the oil into the tonic as your hair needs—if it's *very dry*, you'll probably use the whole tube. If your hair is *oily*, simply use Scalptone *without* the oil.

Antiseptic and *deep*-cleansing, Packer's Scalptone helps to prevent dandruff and keeps your head hygienically clean between shampoos. It stimulates and tones the scalp and promotes the health of your hair.

Use Packer's Scalptone both to keep your scalp healthy and to keep your hair in place.

FREE: 32-page illustrated book, "The Care of the Hair." For your copy, write to PACKER, Dept. 4-C, 101 West 31st Street, New York.

PACKER'S

TAR SOAP *and* SCALPTONE

(*for the Weekly Shampoo*) (*daily, as Dressing and Tonic*)

Because of this separate oil tube you make Scalptone more or less oily, as your hair needs.

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On the Jump With Newsreel Men

"YEAH, YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE you'll be tomorrow in this game," said the veteran movie man.

"There I was once in the middle of Mexico, making pictures of Aztec ruins, when I get a telegram relayed from the assignment editor: 'Return New York immediately.'

"Well, I get back to New York as quick as I can by mule, mail-boat, train, and airplane, and I get into the studio on a Wednesday. And the assignment editor, he just looks up and grins at me and says, 'Howdy, Tracy; how's Mexico? Pretty warm I guess—and I'll bet you haven't got anything thicker'n Bee-Vee-Dees with you. Well, you better go out and buy yourself some red flannels; you're leaving for the North Pole on Saturday.'

"Darned if I wasn't, too—on my way to Spitsbergen to take pictures of the Byrd North Pole Expedition!"

It's like that, the newsreel game, we learn from an article by Roy de S. Horn in *The Elks Magazine*. You have to be a quick-change artist, and afraid of nothing, for the cameraman meets many dangers as well as many emergencies that call for speedy thought and action. We have quoted before this reminiscences of how the newsreels you see in your movie theater are made. But the adventures of the men who make them are always thrilling reading.

Cameramen, Mr. Horn assures us, "penetrate as many dangerous wildernesses as even the famed Royal Canadian Mounted Police, gaze upon as much danger and trouble, and show just as much fortitude and persistence in pursuing their purpose."

Only, we read further:

Their motto is, not "Get your man," but "Get that picture!" And what they bring back from the world's wilderness, after infinite privation and danger, is not an embezzler or murderer, but merely a few cans of coated celluloid.

Yet through their magic a plain home-loving citizen in New York or Memphis or Kalamazoo may sit at his ease in a theater-chair and with his own eyes watch the burning of a Smyrna, the landing of a Lindbergh in Japan, the eruption of a Vesuvius, or the destruction of a Chinese city before the flood-waters of a raging Yangtze.

For the army of newsreel cameramen is spread over the globe, from the deserts and jungles of the tropics to the snow and ice of the poles. And to them, the assignment editor, sitting in his studio headquarters like a commander-in-chief, radios or cables his orders, shifting them from poles to tropics and from tropics to poles, wherever the news of the world is happening.

DO you fancy that the newsreel man "travels light," with just his camera and his lunch, as you do when you set out on a snap-shot expedition? If you do, you are sadly and badly mistaken, according to this next excerpt from Mr. Horn's narrative:

When a newsreel cameraman travels, he carries enough "calling cards" to fill a small suit-case; identifications, police permits, passports, letters to high foreign commercial and government officials.

Sometimes these keep him out of jail, and sometimes not. All countries do not accord the cameraman such unlimited freedom of the press as he enjoys in the United States.

England, in particular, is the bane of the poor hard-working American cameraman who has been sent over with strict orders to get certain pictures of royalty or important State functions.

The English are firm observers of tradition and etiquette, especially as regards their beloved royal family. A cameraman must have special permits to make pictures of royalty, and these permits further specify exactly where and when the cameraman may take those pictures.

If the cameraman, when he comes to take his pictures, finds a cornice or a waving flag or other obstacle obstructing his view of the King or Queen at the most interesting moment, he is expected to remain where his permit locates him, nevertheless, and take pictures through cornices and flags, or else take no pictures at all.

Unfortunately, the American cameraman, who has been sent over with instructions to "Get that picture—or don't come home," usually brushes tradition aside and goes after his pictures, regardless.

One American cameraman, at the time of the King's last official opening of Parliament, was arrested three times in the same day for not staying put where he had been "located."

"This newsreel business is a whole lot different from anything around the Hollywood lots," one cameraman explained. "We have to write our own scenarios, pose our own subjects—some of which would rather bust the camera than smile for it—and do all the directing. And, most particular, we got to get our pictures as they come—no chances to rehearse or to make a retake if you have a bust on your first shots. If you don't believe that, just try to rehearse a cyclone or earthquake! Or try to get 'em to run off the King of England's coronation a second time, just because you used the wrong lens, or the light was bad, or something, the first time!"

WE like the newsreel because there is no fake about it. But it was not ever thus! No! No! Let us glance backward a moment:

Some old-timer cameramen will tell you that occasionally they did make "fake" pictures—as in the case of the famous Villa "war."

That was back when Pancho Villa, the rebel and bandit, was playing tag up and down the border with the Mexican Federal troops, and incidentally making as much profit as he could in the business.

All the leading American newsreel companies had rushed their crack cameramen to the scene, figuring that the public would be thrilled by moving pictures of actual pitched battles.

But Villa had likewise done some figuring; and the sum total of his figuring was that this moving-picture business could be made to yield some very handsome returns if properly handled.

He found an independent producer in Chicago who was willing to pay—and did pay—$100,000 in cold cash for all moving-picture rights on General Villa's war!

Having received his money, General Villa promptly notified the newsreel cameramen of his sale of the monopoly to the Chicago producer, and further insinuated that any cameramen other than those of his Chicago friend who were caught on the Mexican side of the line would be considered *persona non grata* to the extent of being lined up against a wall and eradicated by a firing-squad.

When this announcement reached the newsreel cameramen congregated on the American side of the border, there was some consternation and considerable cursing. But those bold spirits who ventured across the border soon came sprinting back at the double with Villa bullets hot about their ears; it was evident that Villa was not fooling.

After two or three days of this, the cameramen were further irritated by telegrams from their editors back home captiously demanding to know where in blazes were their pictures of this Mexican revolution, anyway.

So the cameramen, in congress assembled, determined that those editors should get pictures—revolution pictures—battle pictures. They pooled their expense accounts and enlisted several hundred Mexican laborers on the American side of the border and proceeded to arm them with machetes, old rifles, sawed-off shotguns, and horse-pistols—any firearm that looked lethal and decrepit enough to fit an outlawed rebel.

Then every morning the Mexicans would be marched into the mesquite outside of town, divided up into "Federals" and "Insurrectos," deployed in the chaparral—always being careful to stay on the American side of the line—and at a given signal the "battle" would begin. Sometimes the "Federals" won and sometimes the "Insurrectos" won, but always there were some splendidly dramatic fighting scenes—charges, retreats, ambushes, and everything.

The effects could not help being good, inasmuch as the cameramen could choose their locations beforehand and then maneuver the hostile forces for the very best camera angles. The editors back in New York looked at the pictures when they came, and were delighted; they wrote congratulatory letters, and asked for more.

IT is not only "amid the revolutions and catastrophes and daredeviltries of civilization that the newsreel cameraman risks death," we are reminded as the story proceeds to some more hair-raising episodes:

There is scarcely an exploration party venturing into the wildernesses of the world anywhere, that does not include at least one newsreel cameraman in its personnel. Cameramen Van Der Veer and Rucker spent two years with the Byrd Expedition

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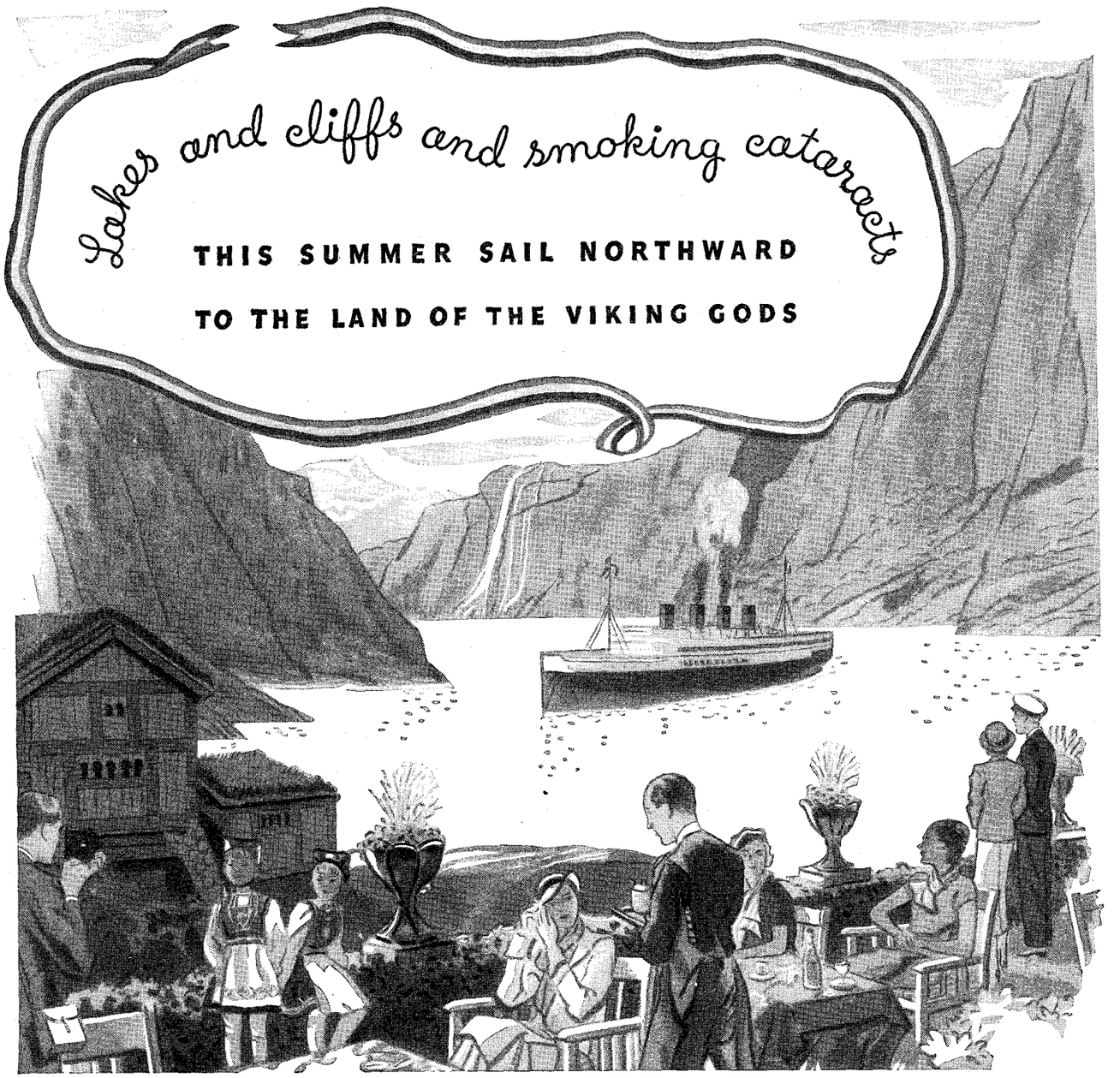

IT's all settled! This summer — on July 16th, to be exact — the *S. S. France* is taking a boatload of charming people for a 35-day vacation. They're going far from the beaten track of tourists, to a land where the air is cool and crystal clear . . . where sheer black walls of narrow *fjords* are cut by silvery cataracts . . . where picturesque fishing hamlets nestle under towering headlands . . . where a bright sun shines on gleaming glaciers and fragrant upland meadows. They're sailing northward this summer — northward to the land of the Viking gods.

They plan to visit Iceland, Spitzbergen, the North Cape, Norway . . . and then, they'll top off a glorious vacation with five days in Paris! Life on board will be restful and entertaining in that subtle way peculiar to the French Line. There'll be deck-games and books and congenial company . . . culinary masterpieces at every meal . . . English-speaking stewards . . . capable Breton sailors.

And there'll be such interesting times ashore: Perhaps a pony ride out on the lava flats of Thingvellir . . . or a trip by *stolkjaerrer* (that's a Norwegian cart!) to see the midnight sun from outside Hammerfest . . . or a view of the "Seven Sisters" tumbling white into Geiranger *fjord*.

So *skoal* to the Northland, and to these happy voyageurs aboard the *France!* Why don't you plan to join them? There'll be plenty to "skoal" about, and the price is extremely reasonable. . . . Any travel agent can arrange this matter for you very easily. There are French Line offices in the larger cities of the United States and Canada. The French Line, 19 State Street, New York City.

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1832-1932

Goethe

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THE world of arts and letters gathers at the shrines of Goethe in Germany this year. To mark the 100th anniversary of his passing, the poet's native land pays tribute to the greatest mind of two centuries by the celebration, from March to September, of richly dowered festivals throughout the country. Here, in beautiful Germany, you will be welcomed as an honored guest at these festivals . . . Booklet No. 45 on the Goethe Centennial sent on request.

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to the South Pole and, before that, they had accompanied the same explorer's North Pole Expedition. Other cameramen had accompanied mountain-climbing expeditions into the Himalayas and exploring parties into the poisonous jungles of Africa and South America. At one time a single newsreel company had cameramen with seven different exploring expeditions in various parts of the world.

Cameraman Lou Hutt has been sent on picture-taking assignments to the South Seas and Orient no less than three times within the past six years. He spent one whole year in the wilds of Borneo, making pictures showing how elephants, tigers, giant snakes, and other creatures of the wild were trapt alive by the natives; and during this assignment he made a complete pictorial history of a cannibal tribe of head-hunting Dyaks in whose village he lived for six months.

As if his straight-news assignments were not exciting enough, however, the newsreel cameraman goes out of his way to risk his life further in "stunt" pictures which he himself originates. For the average theater patron loves thrills—automobile races, stunting airplanes, volcanic eruptions, fires, floods, and the like.

THE cameraman, however, has more to do than risk injury and death. He must also circumvent the reluctant subject. General Pershing dislikes close-ups, we are told. The Prince of Wales, according to Mr. Horn, objects to pictures made on the links, and so, "many an American cameraman, heavily disguised, has laid in ambush amid the brush and tree hazards of English golf courses in order to photograph His Royal Highness dubbing his shots like any other golfer."

But, the story runs on:

Of all forbidden pictures, those of championship prize-fights are perhaps the hardest to "steal." Exclusive motion-picture rights on a world's heavyweight championship bout are valuable, and the independent producers who pay high for such a monopoly are also willing to spend a lot of money to safeguard it.

Guards and detectives by the hundreds are posted at all the stadium entrances and around among the spectators to arrest any rival cameraman on sight, and confiscate or smash his camera and films.

Two newsreel cameramen who found themselves thus barred from the Dempsey-Gibbons prize-fight, in Shelby, Montana, promptly sneaked around to a side door where the peanut-venders, program-sellers, and other concessionaries were assembled. There a couple of peanut-venders were found who were willing to listen to persuasion and pair of twenty-dollar bills, and to turn over their uniforms and peanut baskets to the cameraman and take a day off.

All during that fight the two disguised cameramen roamed, free and unsuspected, through the audience and around the ringside, selling peanuts. But well down at the bottom of their baskets, underneath the layers of peanuts, two midget spring-operated cameras were steadily whirring.

Their lenses were trained through small holes out in the ends of the peanut baskets. And shortly after, when the moving-picture monopolist prepared to launch his films as the "One and only picture of the fight," he was shocked to find every neighborhood playhouse exhibiting bona fide pictures of the very same fight—made by the cameras hidden in the peanut baskets.

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Eddie Herr's Adventures on the "Ivory" Trail

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Neither more business in government nor less government in business.

What this country needs is "more bush leagues," to season the big-time ball-players before they hit the major circuits.

Eddie Herr, the energetic St. Louisan, who looks 'em up for the Yanks, is telling you.

The veteran baseball man, who has been in the game for three decades, and a scout for two of them, and who relates some of his adventures in an interview with Walter J. Monaghan in the magazine section of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, was, we read, the discoverer of "many who have been shining lights of the game, many of them now passed from the majors, many of whom are still very much among those present.

"Such names as Heine Manush, one of the greatest batsmen of the American League; George Grantham, now with the Cincinnati Reds; St. Louis's Syl Johnson, Earl Sheely, Vic Sorrell, Johnnie Neun, Babe Herman, slugging outfielder of the Brooklyn club; Roy Spencer, Washington catcher; and among the present Yankees, Byrd, outfielder; Wells, Andrews, and Brown, pitchers; Jorgens, catcher, and Saltzgaver, crack second sacker. And Carl Hubbell, star Giant pitcher, is another of Herr's finds.

Nor do these names exhaust the roster. "Among those of other days were Bill Doak, spitball heaver for the Cardinals a few years ago; Jack Smith, fleet outfielder; Rollie Zeider, White Sox third sacker; Carl Luderus, Cub first baseman; Pitcher King Cole, Outfielder Dutch Zwilling, Ollie O'Mara.

"These are but a few whom he sent on their careers through the devious routes which only a tireless scout knows."

How many thousands of miles he "has traveled in search of baseball gems, Herr has no way of calculating," Mr. Monaghan tells us as he continues:

He does know that he has been in every State in the Union, in the majority of counties of many, and in every section of Canada where the great American pastime has gained a foothold.

He has been up against just about every handicap that nature could offer except snow and ultra-cold, and that only because his duties require his attention only during that season when the winter season has terminated. Every year he spends pre-season weeks looking over college prospects, visiting as many as fifteen schools before the season opens, and then operates through the Southern League, the Texas League, the Western League, the American Association, and the Western Association, and other spots in the territory which they occupy.

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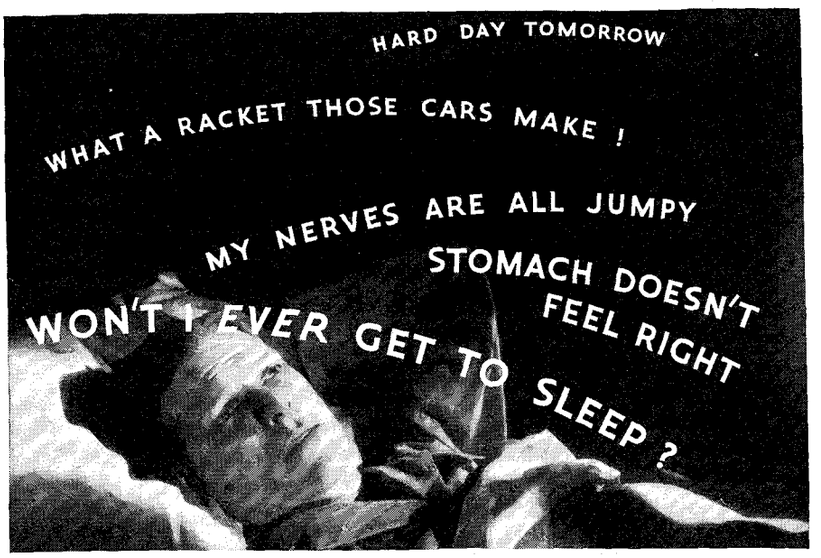

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Thus, mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest. And it contains a remarkable food property, called *diastase,* which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in the stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs. And helps your stomach "rest."

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from this city to that, let us emphasize the fact that promising young ball players have a habit of springing up, most of the time, where the going is, to say the least, rough.

They may flourish in a community miles from a railroad; they may not even be in organized baseball, and be literal sandlotters, playing on a diamond which would discourage any one but them.

Eddie Herr has been through the mill, and has sacrificed personal comfort and dignity on many occasions to get a look at a youngster who has been touted as a sure prospect for the big-time firmament.

For example, there was the hot night that Herr arrived in a West Virginia town. Hot? It was sizzling. One of those baking nights when no one can be comfortable. His hotel room proved unbearable—and not only because of the heat. So, we read on in *The Globe-Democrat:*

He arose, and took a chair on the sidewalk outside.

Along came the peace officer, who, on learning Herr's business there, was much imprest, and when he returned to the city jail was accompanied by Herr, who, seeing a vacant cot within, stretched himself out and slept till morning.

That afternoon, a flashy young first baseman was on his way to the big show. His name was Lu Blue.

And, believe it or not, there was, a few years ago, a classy second baseman whose all-around ability as a keystone-guardian was that of undoubted class.

Herr scouted him, but he went to New York to become a comedian of the first water, and later went to Hollywood, where Herr kept a vigilant eye on him, but he turned his back on baseball in favor of the silver screen.

This lad is none other than Joe E. Brown.

Then there was a midget shortstop, in South Carolina, whose name was Tavener, and whose work stamped him a natural.

Herr made the trip, and seemed satisfied that, with a little seasoning, he would make the grade with great ease. There was also a pitcher by the name of Goslin on the same team, who was an average small-league pitcher.

Some time later, Herr received a telegram from the manager of the team, saying that Goslin had been sent to the outfield, where he was going like a prairie fire.

Herr wired back that he was not interested in Goslin, who was at the time unproved, but who is now a star.

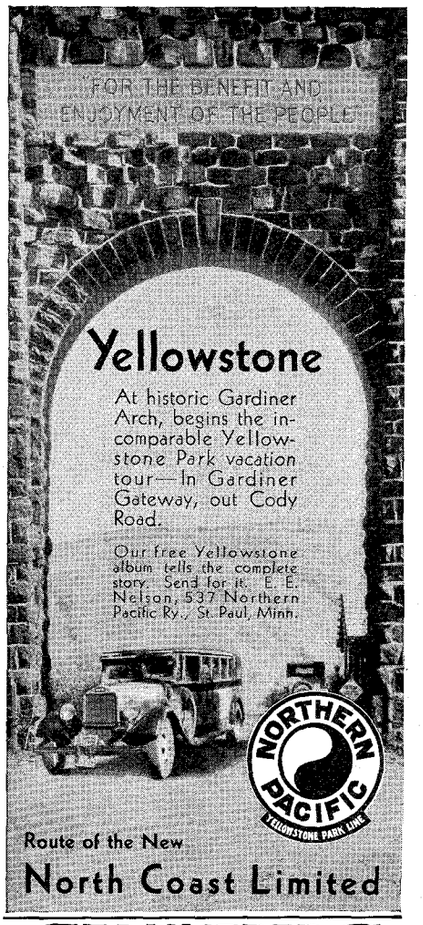
It is just one of these instances which prove that even seasoned scouts may err. But it isn't often.

Of course, tips on prospects come from far and wide, from the village druggist, from the sheriff, and from the dyed-in-the-wool fan.

A scout must know just whose word to believe, and at the same time, pick out what appear to be the most likely tips, for one never knows when and where a pure diamond in the rough may be uncovered.

It may mean riding slow, unpleasant trains in the dead of summer; uninviting accommodations and, perhaps, long waits for the returning train; it might mean a trip over the roadless country in some sort of vehicle answering the general description of an automobile of doubtful vintage, but if there is a possibility, the scout knows no terrors.

But it's all in the game, a very necessary part of modern baseball.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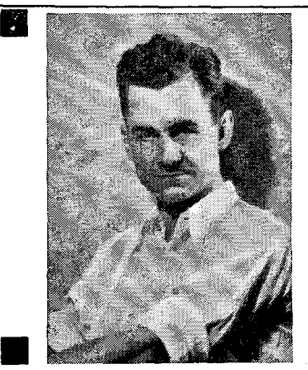

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Iron Horses for the Cavalry

THE old gray mare, "she ain't what she used to be."

Or so, at least, the First Cavalry of the United States Army seems to think, altho a host of horse-lovers may see red at the suggestion.

This century-old cavalry unit, after generations of "brilliant service in the saddle," after exploits on the old Western frontier, in the valley of the Shenandoah, at the ridge of San Juan, and in the swamps of Luzon, is putting Dobbin and his fellows on a pension and turning them out to graze.

According to a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, the First Cavalry is "closing its corrals at Fort D. A. Russell, turning its animals out to graze, and preparing to write its next chapter from the turret of an armored combat car. The War Department recently ordered the First Cavalry to Camp Knox, Kentucky, to assume the rôle of the first mechanized cavalry regiment in the American military forces."

But this innovation does not mean the end of the spectacular rough-rider, Carol Newman, Jr., assures us cheerfully in an article syndicated by Newspaper Enterprise Association's *Everyweek Magazine*. Horses "still have their place in military tactics. They are able to negotiate country impassable for practical purposes to any type of machine now in use.

"Thus for some time, at least, there will be two types of cavalry: one mechanized and one mounted on horses." Reading on:

The reorganized cavalry regiment will have three lines of attack: armored cars, combat-cars, and personnel-carriers. These types of machines have all been developed since the World War. In fact, most 1918 equipment is now obsolete.

The armored car, first in line of battle, is 9,000 pounds of steel, which moves sixty miles per hour. It is equipped with radio, and .30- and .50-caliber machine-guns. Four men ride inside, safe from rifle or smaller machine-gun bullets at any range.

Corresponding to the tanks of the infantry are the heavier and more vicious combat-cars. These machines possess an unusual feature. On roads they run on wheels, making forty miles an hour. When the time comes to go afield, tracks are substituted for the wheels, enabling the vehicles to negotiate rough terrain at a speed of twenty miles per hour.

This convertible type of machine is known as the Christie tank, of which the Government now possesses seven. The combat-cars carry the same guns and protective steel-work as the armored cars.

The third squadron in the cavalry regiment will be made up of carriers for the fighting-men themselves. Six-wheeled vehicles, weighing 3,500 pounds, and without armor or attached armament, will transport men wielding machine-guns.

To do special scouting work, the Army is contemplating the use of light four-wheeled vehicles without body or top. The men to ride in them will be armed with machine-guns.

Accessory vehicles, such as repair-cars and ammunition-carriers, will be attached to the mechanized cavalry regiment. For the present, artillery units will also be made a part of the unit.

All these types of vehicles have been developed. It is now a matter of producing them in sufficient quantities.

Newest among the tanks designed for service with the infantry is the seven-and-one-half-ton model developed by the Ordnance Department. It is really no more than a light chassis, but the beauty of it is that upon this chassis may be mounted almost any necessary device: 75-mm. or other light gun, cargo- or personnel-carrier, telephone and radio apparatus, repair or engineering equipment, ammunition or chemical outfits. Its speed is twenty miles per hour.

THE new tank, this account continues, triples the speed of the Army's old six-ton model. And durable? Why, one of them "has run more than 2,000 miles across varying terrain without overhauling." Still another of these steeds "made the fastest tank trip recorded in the U. S. Army—from Fort Meade, Maryland, to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, seventy-two miles, in one day, without a breakdown." And, continuing this narrative:

The new tank carries two men and a gun firing a one-pound projectile, while the old tank was equipped with only a 37-mm. gun or .30-caliber machine-gun. Thirty-caliber machine-gun bullets roll off the new tank like so many pebbles. And it moves through a gully or up a bank at ten to twenty miles per hour.

Where the really heavy fighting is to be done, the new fifteen-ton tank will be in the thick of it. Four men are accommodated, and the gunner, by working a little trigger, can turn loose steel avengers weighing three pounds, as well as lead hail from the .50-caliber machine-gun.

The big tank, which charges along at twenty miles per hour, is a brute for punishment. Its armor weighs five tons, and stops machine-gun bullets of any size.

His Majesty's Racket

Achmed Abdullah told of his grandfather, the emir or something of Afghanistan, who at Carlsbad took from a pocketful a cross of the second-class of the Order of Beeveedees of Afghanistan, set with Woolworth jewels, and decorated a Rothschild.

He knew that the rich man would have the decoration reset with splendid diamonds and emeralds, so on another visit to Carlsbad he found the Rothschild wearing the decoration with the new jewels in it.

"Ah," he said, laying his hands on the decoration and unfastening it, "I decorated you with the Cross of Beeveedees, second-class. I did you too small honor. I elevate you to the first-class."

Whereupon he pocketed the valuable trinket and pinned another badge with very cheap stones on the Rothschild lapel.

He always paid in this fashion for his cures at Carlsbad, of which it was necessary for him to take many.—*New York Sun.*

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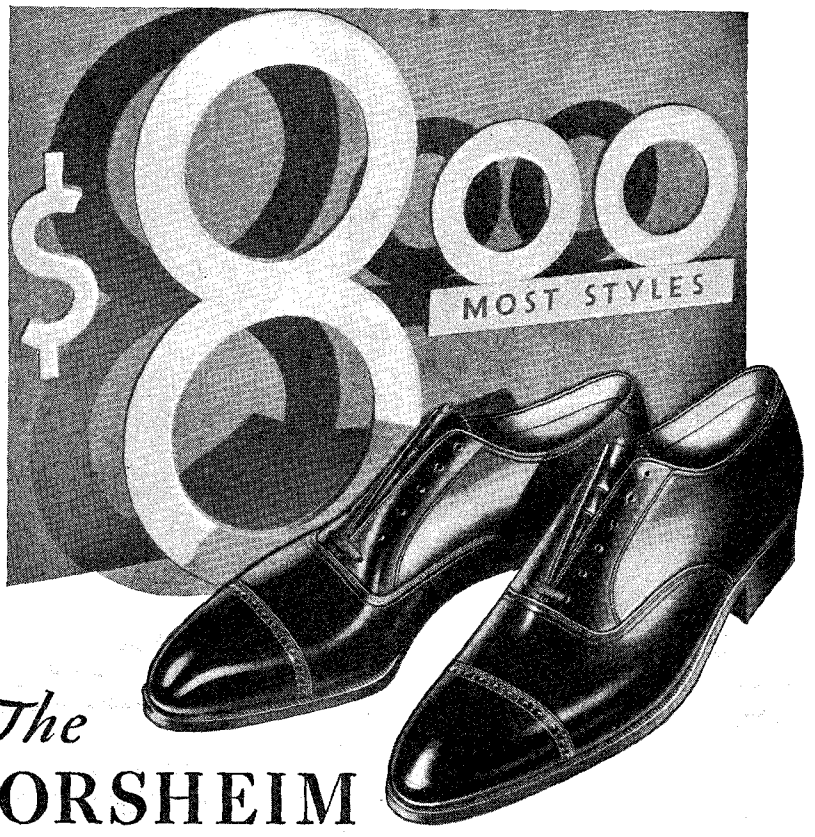

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The Ping-Pong "Menace"

"'TIS better to have pinged and lost than never to have ponged at all," advises a very young man "with a sort of Jimmy Durante, Jr., size nose," as he "comes bounding on to the floor with his sleeves rolled up to the elbows and his dark hair severely flattened out under generous spreads of slickum."

In other words, meet Mr. Marcus Shussheim, ping-pong champion, all ready for a rousing "go" at his favorite sport.

Joe Williams introduces us to him in one of his humorous sports reviews in *Judge*.

Don't sneer at ping-pong as a sissy game, and its players as sissies, is the substance of Mr. Williams's advice to us.

There is a recorded sales-list of 1,000,000 ping-pong tables in this country. There must be "all of 2,000,000 players, cluttering up living-rooms, speak-easies, and hotel ballrooms." There is a central governing body, a set of official rules, and standard implements of play.

The renaissance of ping-pong, continues Mr. Williams, has converted it "into a he-man's sport, teeming with virility, robustness, and primitive appeal." Parenthetically, you may recall how rough croquet became when it enjoyed a revival, still going on in some sections, a few years ago.

Here Mr. Williams presents further evidence of ping-pong's triumphant struggle for existence:

In most of the colleges the game is played with great earnestness, and at Harvard, where the noble footballers down large scuttles of tea between the halves, there is talk of elevating ping-pong to the status of a major sport and all that goes with it, including a training table, coaching staff, and cheer leaders.

A few weeks ago the pick of New York's finest went west to battle the pick of Chicago's finest in the first intercity match on record, and while business in the Loop district did not exactly come to a standstill, nor the newspapers issue extras on the result, it nevertheless was an epochal, not to say red-letter, day in sports.

The annual national championship (it attracted 369 competitors from fourteen different cities a year ago) is quite a show. The young men bat the little white celluloid balls around with much enterprise and intensity, and at frequent intervals the gallery boils over with ear-piercing shouts and booming salutes.

WHOOPING things up at a ping-pong tournament strikes this sports-writer as something like "tendering a thunderous ovation to a lady tight-rope walker in a flea circus." But the writer in *Judge* does not permit his personal feeling to blind his eyes to the brilliant future of ping-pong. For he recalls:

Didn't they laugh at Fulton, sneer at Marconi, ridicule the Wright brothers, and "yoo-hoo" at the first intrepid citizen that walked down Main Street with a golf-bag tossed over his shoulder?

The tournament has all the trappings and settings of an authentic championship,

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including high chairs in which glum-faced referees sit and record the scores, and a press box where bright young men smoke vile cigarets and hammer away at clattery typewriters.

Most of the gallant gladiators wear rubber-sole shoes, some of them appear in flannels or knickers, a few of the more fastidious carry three or four bats into the arena, and all of them are extremely courteous and sporting, never failing vigorously to pump the hand of the winner in the very best Germantown manner.

INTERESTING facts about this emerging pastime include the news that the game is more generally played in continental Europe than in this country, and that the best players dwell on the far side of the Atlantic. Furthermore:

Hungary is a hotbed of ping-pong, and most of the innovations, including the new rubber surface bat with its increased diameter, come from there. Mr. Bill Tilden, himself a ping-pongist of no little skill, tells me the best player in the world is Fred Perry, the English tennis star.

In describing Perry's game, Mr. Tilden uses such restrained, unemotional words as "magnificent," "astounding," "incredible" and "marvelous." From which you gather a vague sort of notion that Perry must be pretty fair, all things considered.

Incidentally ping-pong goes back to the early days of the present century, and is the outgrowth or by-product of a casual form of indoor tennis, as would seem obvious at a glance.

It acquired its immature title from the sound made by drumlike rackets striking the celluloid ball.

Unfortunately, the identity of the genius of nomenclature who mated the festive ping with the dolorous pong and produced what he did, with no recorded apologies to a helpless public, is not revealed in any of the histories of the game.

The next step in "the competitive development of ping-pong will probably be a tournament along Davis Cup lines," Mr. Williams predicts as he concludes.

Beating the Depression

The Happy Family

The wolf that prowled about my door
Does not patrol there any more.
Last night I called him from the street
And opened up my balance sheet.
And soon I saw a tear-drop start,
For I had touched the beastie's heart.
And since that day his every deed
Has proven him a friend in need.
Each morning while I rake the coals
He brings us neighbors' milk and rolls.
He filches things from tradesmen's stores,
He slinks through open kitchen doors
To come back home with cakes and cheese
As well as meats and groceries.
Oh, may our life be ever thus
With Mister Wolf as one of us!
When skies were dark and winds were raw,
He offered us a helping paw.
And that is why we're getting by—
The wife, the wolf, the kids and I!—*Arthur Lippmann in Judge.*

"Here's How I Eat Everything I Like *Without Acid Indigestion!*"

HERE'S my secret and I want the world to know it! Once indigestion used to ruin every meal for me. The very foods I really liked best always brought on a burning sourness and a nauseating, gassy fullness. Hasty lunches invariably upset my stomach. Why, it got so I couldn't accept dinner invitations because I had to pick and choose everything I ate.

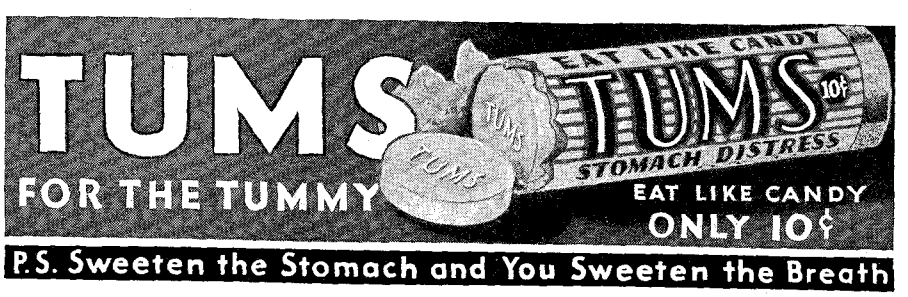
But things are different now—since I've learned how to avoid distressing after-effects. Today I eat everything that's good to eat—nothing disagrees with me. Even hurried lunches don't bother me now. And you don't catch me turning down any more dinners, either! Here's my secret: I simply munch three or four TUMS after meals, that's all. These delightful candy-like antacid mints do the rest. And I enjoy smoking a lot more, too, thanks to TUMS.

Almost everybody (about 7 out of 10 Americans) frequently suffers from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, acidity and gas. Hasty meals, wrong food combinations, nervous strain, excessive smoking, etc., are common causes. For quick, pleasant relief simply eat three or four TUMS after meals—often one is enough. You'll like TUMS—they are so agreeable, safe and handy to carry in pocket or purse. Get a roll today at any drug store—only 10c.

GET 2 ROLLS FREE

Thousands of people are buying TUMS *in the convenient $1.00 box containing 12 rolls—thus getting 2 rolls free.*

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE. For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable corrective NR (NATURE'S REMEDY). Only 25c.



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

MISTER, GIMME A DIME I WANTA GO TO EUROPE!
I COULDN'T PAY ALL MY INSTALLMENTS, SO THEY SENT ME BACK TO WHERE I LEFT OFF PAYING!
EVERY TIME TH' INSTALLMENT MAN CALLS I GET SEASICK ALL OVER AGAIN!

'Round the World in 80 Payments

—Johnstone in the New York "World-Telegram."

To Europe on the Instalment Plan

"ALL ASHORE THAT'S GOIN' ASHORE!"

We've paid our first instalment of 25 per cent. and we're off to Europe, with a whole year to pay the rest of the passage money.

And so instalment-selling goes to sea, while every newspaper quipster in the country makes merry with the idea. But seriously speaking, newspapers agree that the Cunard Line has started something—at least it's the first large steamship company to make such a move—when it offers such an "intangible" commodity as an ocean trip on the instalment plan.

The company's announcement hails the scheme as "the panacea for the ills from which the shipping industry has been suffering for the last two years." The Cunard Line cooperates with the Morris Plan Company, which will carry the unpaid balances with an interest charge of 6 per cent. per annum. Payments may run over a period as long as twelve months. The basis for credit is "character and earning power." In most cases no indorsers will be required.

Press humorists have their fun with the general idea of instalment-plan travel, evidently without studying the details of the Cunard plan.

On a long cruise, on this plan, the purser might have to put you off anywhere, "with a small cash bonus for a life-belt," observes F. P. Adams, in his New York *Herald Tribune* column. The Hartford *Courant* remarks that the steamship companies will manage to work out some way to handle repossessions, "to collect the goods, even if the money is not forthcoming"—

It will be hard to see the memory of the Colosseum by moonlight taken away, or of Fujiyama at dawn, but a good many travelers will readily give up all claims to what remains in their minds of the first day at sea on the stormy North Atlantic and of the half-hour spent in the meat market at Algiers one bright May morning.

THERE are some serious doubts whether it will be possible to collect the later payments, especially, observes the Chicago *Evening Post*, when we recall that "the summer tourist is rare who can avoid semi-bankruptcy as a time for the return voyage approaches." The New York *Journal of Commerce* argues that anybody who is a good instalment risk is always in a position to get the money needed for any trip he can afford, and this paper thinks it unlikely "that sales of ocean voyages by instalment will add greatly to the total number of ocean-going travelers."

Yet the new plan "may do much to stimulate the greatly deprest passenger business," concludes the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. *The Record* in the same city is even more emphatic:

"No shrewder step could have been taken to restore the badly shaken ocean-travel business, and to increase, at one stroke, the public it can serve.

"Modern finance methods and business foresight join to make travel possible for the masses. All will wish the new venture success."

The Automobile Triangle

IT'S A TRIANGLE because three angles make a triangle. And just three angles stand out in all the discussion of the future of the automobile business brought out by the recent Ford announcement.

These are the three angles, declares the New York *Journal of Commerce:* "The size of the deferred demand for automobiles in the United States; the effect of reduced purchasing power on automobile sales, and the economic utility of the motor-car."

And *The Journal of Commerce* has its own say on each of these three points in turn:

Demand for American automobiles may be divided between domestic replacements, sales to new domestic buyers, and exports to foreign countries. In recent years replacements have furnished much the largest share of the demand, and this is practically certain to be the case in the future, as there is considerable evidence of an approaching saturation-point in the domestic market. As the average life of a car is usually from six to seven years, the replacement demand may be estimated with a fair degree of accuracy from the volume of domestic sales seven years ago. On this basis, it would appear that the normal replacement demand for automobiles should have been 3,400,000 in 1931, and should be about 3,900,000 in 1932. As actual domestic sales in 1931 were only about 2,000,000 cars, there would seem to be an accumulated demand for at least 5,000,000 cars. New demand is very limited at the present time, and exports have been reduced by high tariffs of foreign countries, the development of branch factories abroad, and adverse economic conditions to about 100,000 cars a year.

Accumulated demand is, of course, of little value unless purchasing power is available with which to transform this demand into sales. It is impossible to deny that the purchasing power of the American public has been greatly reduced by widespread unemployment, reduced wages, sharp reductions in dividend payments, defaults of bond interest, and numerous bank failures. However, these factors are partly balanced by lower prices of cars, reduced cost of living, and the fact that most new cars are bought on an instalment plan, with the allowance for a turn-in providing most of the down payment. Furthermore, the belief is prevalent among many automobile users that after a car reaches a certain age (variously estimated at from two to four years) it is cheaper to replace it than to meet the continually increasing drain of expenditures for repairs. Considering all these factors, it is probable that much more than half of the deferred demand for automobiles would be converted into actual sales, this year, if the fear of additional unfavorable economic developments could be removed.

Many critics of the automobile maintain that its almost universal use in America is an example of unjustifiable national extravagance and that, consequently, sales should be materially smaller in the future. Such a view-point ignores the fact that our present economic difficulties include the existence of a large surplus of labor which would be greatly augmented by the elimination or permanent curtailment of an industry which either directly or indirectly provides a livelihood for many millions of workers.

Furthermore, automobiles are not merely luxuries; a very large proportion of the cars registered are used either as transportation for farmers and their produce, as means of

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delivery in wholesale and retail trade, or as means of carrying individuals to and from their work. Most of the remaining cars are very important instrumentalities in furnishing out-of-door recreation to their owners in the warmer half of the year, and are extensively used in the vacation period.

When Buying for Appreciation

BUYING for income is one thing, and buying for appreciation—simply in order to make money when the purchased stock goes up—is quite a different thing.

Without recommending the policy or trying to boost any particular group of stocks, Mr. George T. Hughes of the Consolidated Press points out two rules to be observed when buying stocks for appreciation. The first is that "those issues selling lowest in dollars per share enjoy the largest percentage advance when the general list recovers." The second is that "stocks representing organizations catering to so-called luxury demand are better purchases than those dealing in necessities." Mr. Hughes warns us that all he says, of course, is predicated on business and stock-market recovery. He thinks that his first rule is easy enough to understand:

It takes less capital to buy the low-priced stocks, and they come back for the largest gain. Incidentally, it is the non-dividend payers that make the best showing when the market finally and permanently turns. Again this is a maxim to be acted upon only after it appears reasonably sure that industry is on the mend.

Not so self-evident, we are told, is the second principle:

It would seem the safest course to make commitments only in shares of corporations which deal in essentials. It is the safest course, but the safest course is not the most profitable when deflation has reached its limit.

Simply for illustration, salt is a necessity, but people use about as much salt in poor times as in good. It might be safer to buy a salt stock, because one feels sure that demand will continue. Jewelry is not a necessity, but if there were a stock that was the admitted leader in that business it is a fair assumption that such a stock, still assuming the worst of the depression has been seen, would register a greater percentage rise than the one typical of such a commodity as salt.

Depression Mothering Invention

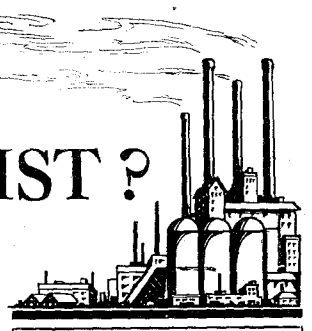
MAYBE invention has a new mother. We all know about necessity's oft-proclaimed parental claim. But, we read in *The Wall Street Journal*—

Depression also may lay claim to being the parent of invention, for during the past six months the number of inventions patented or awaiting patent papers is greater than in any similar period on record in this country.

It seems that unemployed men are using their enforced leisure to perfect mechanical devices of all sorts.

Can you pick

A BETTER LIST?



Suppose you believe we are near the bottom of the depression . . .

Suppose you believe the surest way to rebuild your estate and restore past losses is to invest in a diversified group of sound common stocks . . .

Suppose you undertake to select the specific stocks which you believe have the best chance for maximum recovery . . .

Can you pick a better list than this?

The portfolio of Corporate Trust Shares is comprised of stocks of the 30 companies listed, in equal share amounts. Issued under permanent and experienced sponsorship, Corporate Trust Shares are in true trust form—convenient and secure. They provide a satisfactory current return and what we believe to be a better-than-average opportunity for appreciation as American business moves forward.

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Borden
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Procter & Gamble
Union Carbide
United States Steel
Westinghouse
Woolworth

UTILITIES
Amer. Tel. & Tel.
Columbia Gas & Elect.
Consolidated Gas of N.Y.
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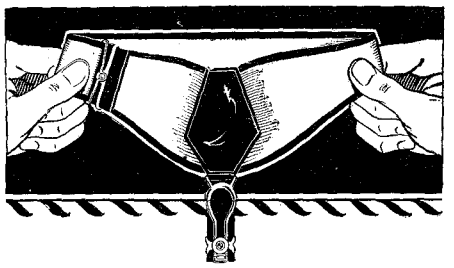

New

For incomparable garter comfort—get a pair of these new, smart .W.T.S. Paris. Woven-To-Shape. Fit the leg perfectly. S-t-r-e-t-c-h .W.T.S. as much as you please. Its curve remains. Other so-called "curved" garters lose their curve when stretched even slightly. Get the genuine Paris for utmost style, comfort and value.

Important Paris features: The patented Paris Rubber Cushion Clasp—holds hose between "rubber and rubber"—prevents rips or runs. Steinweave Elastics used exclusively—treated with the special ANTI-OXIDANT Process insuring long life.

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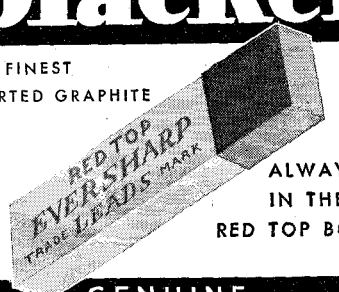

ALWAYS IN THE RED TOP BOX

GENUINE
EVERSHARP
LEADS for pencils

(*Continued from page 22*)

rich." And, notes *The Herald*, with some show of pride in its native State:

The clergy of the Massachusetts diocese did not hesitate.

On the day appointed for his word to the National Council, Bishop Sherrill laid on the altar of fellowship sacrifices from every one of his clergy. The "*koinonia*"—the fellowship—the Greek word for which connotes much more than our own, was proved to be a real and vital thing.

So the whole of the Protestant Episcopal Church, scattered throughout the world and facing a failure in its budget, has been told by the clergy of this diocese the old story, "Massachusetts—there she stands."

The reality of this fellowship is the hope of the Church. This action of the Massachusetts clergy will do more for solidifying the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and for the missionary endeavor, than anything else could have done.

The great body of the Church will discover that it has resources which the heroism of the clergy—and only that—can tap.

Philadelphia's Brave Unknown

"THE unknown citizen!"

He is a vaguer shape than The Unknown Soldier, and none stood or raised a hand when the name was called.

But every one understood when it was announced that the annual Bok award of $10,000 to the Philadelphian who has rendered the most outstanding service to the City of Brotherly Love goes this year to "The Unknown Citizen." He is millionaire, bootblack, social worker, charwoman rolled into one. He is tens of thousands of men and women who have given of their means to help those who had nothing, and of those who had carried on with the little they had.

It was W. Curtis Bok, son of the founder of the Philadelphia Award, who suggested the amiable fiction whereby it could be given to the Unemployment Relief Fund in the name of all those who had made it possible, and of those who have shown fortitude in the face of necessity.

The suggestion met with instant acclaim by the Philadelphia newspapers. It follows the idea of The Unknown Soldier as typifying all those who died for their country. This, too, was sacrifice, tho sacrifice of another sort.

"No better use could be made of this annual allotment from the endowment," says the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin:*

The Citizen of Philadelphia who gave tens of thousands; the Citizen of Philadelphia who gave tens of cents; the Citizen of Philadelphia who could give nothing, but who carried on, courageously and without muttering of discontent, are alike in type, in worthy service, and each is honored and recognized by this award.

"'Peace hath her heroes no less renowned than war,'" *The Inquirer* reminds us, "and during the depression of 1931 thousands have faced hardships which have been as severe and trying as those experienced on any battle-field." Indeed,

They have done so with a fortitude and resolution beyond all praise. Great numbers have been going through an ordeal that is quite as deadly as those who were called upon to confront the fire of the cannon.

Many proud souls who are too sensitive to let their wants be known to committees have suffered in silence, contriving by one means or another to exist and yet keep their heads unbowed.

It was a fine thought to pay this tribute to their manhood, and it should make the Philadelphia Award for 1931 stand out as one of the most memorable in the series.

The most beautiful part of the award, in the opinion of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, is that "its sentiment applies to every community of the country. Some may be meeting the problems better than others; some may have superior individual leadership—but in all the great majority are meeting the conditions bravely and capably. Their symbol deserves honor."

Russia "Americanizing" Divorce

SOMETHING like a flourish of trumpets attended the recent announcement at Moscow that Soviet divorce procedure is to be Americanized.

In practise, says the Berlin *Vorwaerts*, it all means that under the Bolshevik Government a woman shall not be divorced in less than six months.

There were too many cases where a woman was divorced four times in one month.

The reforms, we read, follow the American tendency at Reno and other centers:

It is a striking fact that the women usually apply for the divorce in Soviet Russia. They ask for the stamping of their papers with the word: Divorced.

"Why?"

The police official snaps the word curtly.

Usually the answer is the same: "My husband drinks." It is a most frequent cause for divorce. Frequently the man or the woman will admit that some other person has proved more attractive.

Many women ask for a divorce because they suspect their husbands of not being 100 per cent. Bolshevik.

Divorce is then granted in half a minute, and a warning is sent to the political police.

Men will come in and ask for a divorce because their wives can not cook—they spoil the food.

"Comrade," asks the police official, "can't you get something to eat in the canteen? You have nothing else against your wife?"

"No—my wife is otherwise all right. But I must eat at home, and I suffer from indigestion."

Divorce!

It makes no difference that as a result of the housing shortage the divorced must go on living together. There is no such thing as postponement of divorce. It must be granted, and this in three minutes.

AN eminent Bolshevik functionary recently declared that the divorce system of the Soviets was borrowed from that of the United States.

"We follow," he said, "the practise of the American courts in divorce cases even if we lose less time. For the woman and the State are always right."

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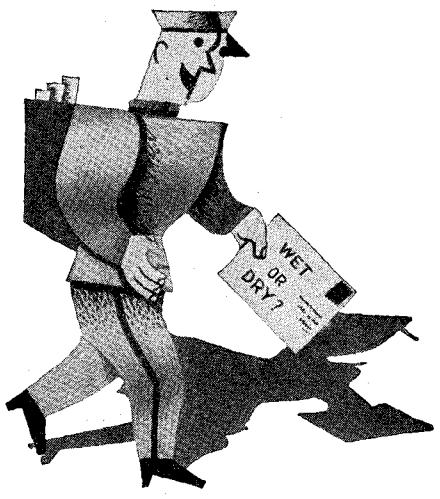
WHAT A YEAR!

WHAT A CHANCE!



For many months *The Digest* has been planning how best to reflect and report the people's answers to the burning questions of 1932.

Truly a year of drama, a year of action! *What about prohibition—candidates for President—the election — debt reduction — disarmament — economic relief?* What do we want? What will we get?

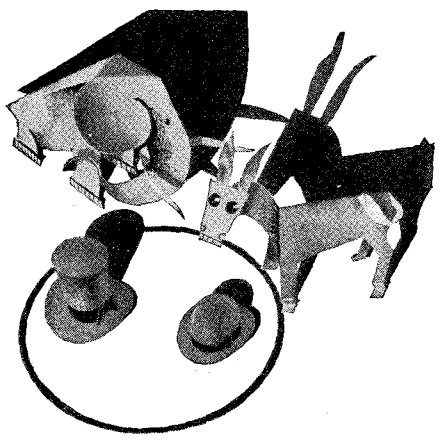
The voice of *The Digest* will tell the will of the nation. "Sounding-board of American Opinion" is no empty title. Our 20,000,000-vote poll on prohibition is now in progress. A presidential poll will follow. . . . And as in the past, the findings of *The Digest* on every matter of major concern will have the earnest attention of the civilized world.

Times of tension always increase the interest and value of *The Digest*. And *The Digest* uses every practical means to extend its influence—by daily news broadcasts, by regular notices in newspapers and magazines, by cards in street cars and airplanes, by millions of mailings to telephone homes, and through its own powerful pages.

Digest advertisers, every one, share the results of this increasing energy. And at lower space rates than before. In 1932, *you buy more readers and closer reading, at costs reduced a flat* 25%!

Notice that these 1932 rates give *The Digest* a new standing as a mass medium, without changing its position as the leading class publication. At a price of less than $2 per page per thousand—regardless of the 1932 drama—*The Digest* must fairly be considered for every advertising schedule, on soap and coffee as well as on ocean travel, on cigars and pencils as well as on fine motor cars—*on virtually anything.*

Always a home and family magazine, *The Digest* has as many women readers as it has men readers. Four great mailings to our subscribers have given us a poll of readers that is as accurate as human information can be. *The Digest* averages 3.4 readers per copy and as many women as men.



• • •

Why wait? Every week that slips by writes off another lost opportunity. In high times and hard times,

The Digest goes to the largest magazine group of able and active spenders, to families that are always ready to buy—and always able to pay. They are waiting now for *your* big news for '32. Send it by special messenger!

Quantity—1,400,000 average guaranteed, "or rebate."

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THE LITERARY DIGEST

SOUNDING-BOARD OF AMERICAN OPINION

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Change of Bosses.—"A war never effaces taxes," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown. "It only decides who shall gather them."—*Washington Star.*

Hard-Boiled Breed.—"DINER—"Here, waitress, take this chicken away: it's as tough as a paving-stone."

WAITRESS—"Maybe it's a Plymouth Rock, sir."—*Western Farm Life.*

Their Job.—"Are you going to take this lying down?" boomed the candidate.

"Of course not," said a voice from the rear of the hall, "the shorthand reporters are doing that."—*Christian Evangelist.*

"Mark the Perfect Man." — DOLLY — "But you wouldn't marry a man just because he is a good dancer?"

POLLY—"Oh, no, Jack is clever at bridge, too."—*Chicago News.*

Hope-Chest Monniker. — VISITOR — "What was your mummie's name before she was married?"

YOUNG INNOCENCE—"I think it must have been 'Savoy.' That's the name on our towels."—*Humorist (London).*

More Gown, Less She. —"Do you think I look all right in my new gown, dear?" she asked.

"Hm! Yes," replied her husband, "but I would suggest that if possible you get in a little further."—*Boston Transcript.*

Ike Walton's Secret.—SMITH—"Hope is really a wonderful thing."

JONES—"True. One little nibble keeps a man fishing all day."—*Stray Stories.*

Yes, They Used to Wash 'em.—One reason why romance lasted longer in the old days was because a bride looked much the same after washing her face.—*Portland Evening Express.*

Watch Your Thumb.—"Girl Carpenter Drives Nails Like Lightning."—*Head-line in an American paper.*

Lightning, of course, never strikes twice in the same place.—*The Humorist (London).*

Practical Joker: "I'll say it was worth it—you should have seen his face when he found that eel in his desk!" —"Judge."

Slips That Pass in the Night

Mademoiselle Embonpoint.—Mr. and Mrs. Edward S—— are rejoicing over the girth of a daughter.—*Homer (N. Y.) paper.*

For Pacifists and Patriots.—Main battery of the battle fleet includes sixteen 16-inch buns and eighty 14-inch guns.—*Unidentified paper.*

When Words Fail.—At length she gained courage and with a quiet determination she walked to her door.

But the door of her bedroom was locked! uinepeatedSasciaojcknrm; taoinl.—*Paterson Evening News.*

Attaboy!—Fred Hill is the father of a 9½-pound boy. Born last Wednesday. Father and son both doing well.—*Yorkville (Ill.) paper.*

Beats Winsted.—Found—Young male cow. Owner may have same by calling 2020 North Hayne.—*Pensacola (Florida) Journal.*

Suffering Humanity.—Twenty persons, including eight children, two dogs and a litter of eight puppies and two canaries were driven from the property.—*Fall River (Mass.) paper.*

An Internationalist.—Paul M. Shelby, who has mined in a number of Nevada camps, has recently opened an office in El Paso, and expects to carry on operations both in the United States and Texas.—*El Paso paper.*

Naughty Flames.—

EARLY MORNING BLAZE
BURNS PRINCE EDWARD
KITCHEN AND PANTIES

—*Farmville (Va.) paper.*

Feels Strongly About It.—Melvin Ott, New York Giants right fielder, is unwilling to accept the salary cut asked in his playing contract for 1932.

"The cut tvzy'e wuked me to make is a little too mucm," he saud rl oxt declined to give tve avoqvopofitve qo;[0790728-$085 wwq wzqc."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Happiness Boys.—

Use
Betty Anne Bread 5c
Made of the Best Ingredients
by
Brite and Witty
The Jolly Bakers

—*Sheldon (Mo.) paper.*

Absent Treatment Preferred—BOXING INSTRUCTOR (after first lesson)—"Now, have you any questions to ask?"

BEGINNER (dazed)—"Yes; how much is your correspondence course?"—*Wall Street Journal.*

He Learned about Women from Her.—

This weeping willow sheds its tears
For Rufus Rastus Rand.
He didn't think she'd leave the road
'Thout sticking out her hand.

—*Buffalo News.*

One for a Chaser.—"John," said Mrs. Dumbbell, "what do they mean by a politician carrying water on both shoulders?"

"Right now it means he is trying to carry plain water on one and firewater on the other," he replied.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Pipe the Radiator Cap.—A little city boy was visiting his country cousin.

"What do you know about cows?" quizzed the country lad. "You don't even know if that's a Jersey cow."

"I don't know from here, 'cause I can't see its license."—*Stray Stories.*

Good Old Towser.—

When the wolf came to our door
He was ill-tempered and lean,
From eating collectors by the score
He is corpulent and serene.

—*Buffalo News.*

Why Men Leave Home.—"Were you annoyed because I sharpened a pencil with your razor?" asked the attractive wife.

"Twice," replied the patient husband. "After I had given up trying to shave, I tried to write with the pencil."—*Hummel.*

Going the Pace.—A firm of shipowners wired one of their captains: "Move heaven and earth; get here on Friday."

Just as they were becoming very anxious, they got the reply: "Raised hell and arriving Thursday."—*Answers (England).*

The Matrimonial Touch.—BERYL—"Somehow I can't get Jack to propose."

RUTH—"Can't you give him a hint in some way?"

BERYL—"I do. Every time he lights my cigaret I blow smoke-rings toward him."—*Boston Transcript.*

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